

# The Sketch



No. 547.—Vol. XLIII

WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1903.

SIXPENCE.

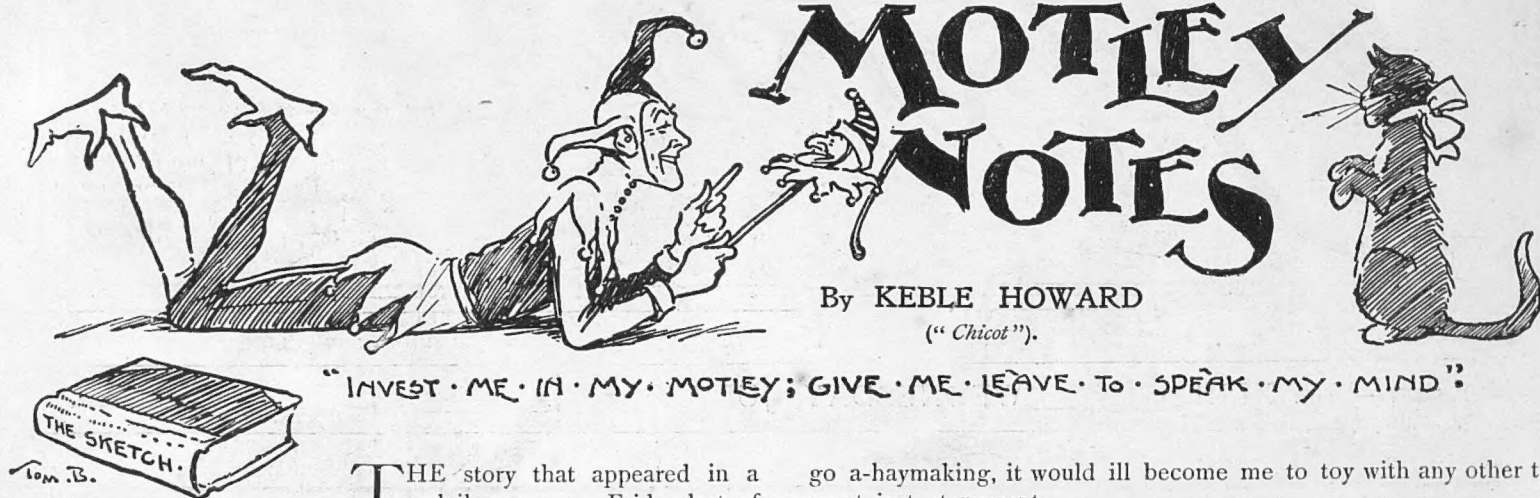


[Photograph by the Biograph Studio.]

MISS LENA ASHWELL IN "DANTE."

THE RUN OF "DANTE" AT DRURY LANE CONCLUDED ON SATURDAY EVENING LAST AMID GREAT ENTHUSIASM. A STRIKING FEATURE OF THE PRODUCTION WAS THE PERFORMANCE OF MISS LENA ASHWELL, WHO DOUBLED THE PARTS OF PIA DEI TOLOMEI AND GEMMA, HER DAUGHTER.





THE story that appeared in a daily paper on Friday last of "The Faithful Wife; or, How Two 'Encyclopædia' Volumes Stopped an Express Train," reads like a supplementary chapter to "Wisdom While You Wait." It seems that the wife of a gentleman living in the country was much troubled in spirit because her husband was unable to answer two questions in connection with the *Times* competition. In his despair, the gentleman left his home and rushed up to town. Hardly had he been gone twelve hours, however, when his loving spouse discovered the answers to the questions in the "Encyclopædia." What was to be done? The day for sending in the answers to the *Times* office was at hand; her husband, the old-fashioned fellow, would never believe, without absolute proof, that a mere woman had discovered something that he himself had abandoned as hopeless. But the lady, as ladies will, triumphed over every obstacle. Hurrying down to the station, she insisted that the local station-master should stop the express train for London that was even then due. The station-master hesitated, looked at the lady, and yielded. The train was stopped, the lady carried the volumes to her husband, and I have no doubt whatever that the devoted couple have been supremely happy ever since. This is my own version of the story, by the way, but I have taken all the facts from the newspaper.

Nor do I see any reason for doubting the truth of the anecdote. It must be evident to any observant person that the Competition germ is in the air, and that the disease is spreading with astounding rapidity. Buried towns and buried authors would seem to be the most prevalent forms of the complaint, but thousands of people are writhing over Christian names, whilst further thousands are wrestling with fatuous epistles written almost entirely in hieroglyphics. Those who wish to avoid the victims of the craze may know them by their wild eyes, their twitching fingers, and lips that mumble without ceasing. It was only two days ago that I found myself, by an unlucky chance, in a railway-carriage with one of the poor sufferers. One hand was clasped to her forehead; in the other she held a tattered copy of *Sweet Chat*. I was intensely moved by the sad spectacle, but I felt myself powerless to relieve her agonies. Suddenly, with a gesture of despair, she turned to me. "Could you tell me," she pleaded, "whether there is such a place as Notchtree?" I shook my head gravely, and said that I had never heard of such a place. My reply was too much for her. She let down the window, flung the paper far, far out upon the line, and then, bowing her head, burst into a paroxysm of tears.

The Season is over. The dinners and suppers have been eaten, the wines and liqueurs have been swallowed, and everybody who is anybody is hurrying away as fast as possible to get rid of the evil effects. The great difficulty, of course, is to know which of the many treatments will best suit one's own particular case. Some people have decided to remain faithful to the old-fashioned habit of drinking waters. For those who feel inclined for a change, however, there are several new and original prescriptions. One eminent doctor, according to *Truth*, has derived much benefit from being towed up the Thames from Staines to Oxford. I am bound to admit that, in certain languorous moods, the treatment would appeal strongly to my imagination. Somebody else, it seems, wants us to dig. As to that, I am not ashamed to dig, but I fancy I shall leave any form of spade-work to those of my friends who happen to be somewhat shorter in the back. Then there is the "lighterman cure," which is merely an exaggerated form of that fearsome pastime known as the family boating-picnic. On the whole, I think it likely that I shall remain true to the fascinations of the hay-field. Seeing that I have already persuaded several of my friends to

go a-haymaking, it would ill become me to toy with any other treatment just at present.

At this season of the year it is hardly possible to take up a paper without coming across the head-line, "How to Keep Cool." Nine times out of ten, the innocent-looking paragraph is merely an advertisement for somebody's lemonade; the tenth time, however, it is a half-hearted attempt on the part of some perspiring journalist to aggravate his readers by telling them not to worry. Just to make his case good, he will probably round the thing off with an entreaty to the world at large to walk on the shady side of the road. Mind you, I am far from wishing to dispute with the gentleman, but I sometimes feel that he might, with a very little extra trouble, annoy us much more. Why, for example, does he fail to mention iced champagne-cup and the other beverages that have been known to exercise a cooling effect upon the heat-jaded body? Should he not, to be consistent, make some allusion to shady willows, green banks, soft-flowing streams? But the lazy fellow actually omits to mention that an entire cessation of work will assist, more than a little, in the cooling process. After all, any dweller in the suburbs can occasionally walk on the shady side of the road, and it is hardly likely that he will be annoyed to the point of correspondence by being reminded of so simple a fact.

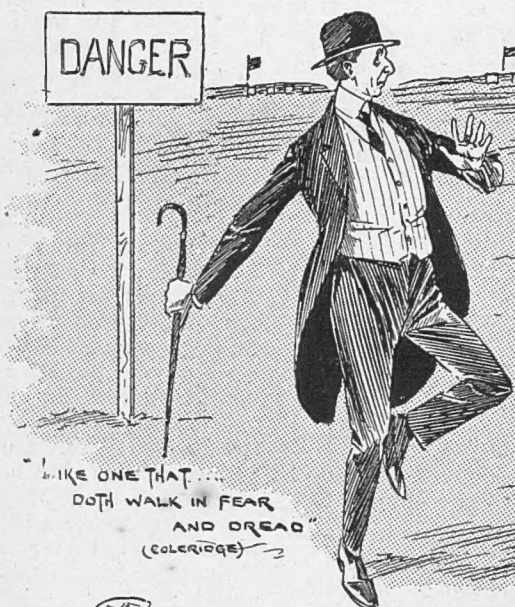
My fortunate colleague, "The Man on the Car," has something to say this week with reference to dust and motor-cars. I have so often suffered from this nuisance when cycling in the country that I am delighted to find that the automobilist is not entirely without feeling for the unfortunate people whom he finds happy and leaves miserable. My colleague, as you will see, deplors the fact that no one has as yet discovered an efficient dust-preventer, but quotes Sir Hiram Maxim, who suggests that the roads should be sprinkled at night with a solution of cheap treacle and glue. Sir Hiram cheerfully adds to this mixture a solution of bichromate of potash. Well, a desperate complaint, we know, often necessitates a desperate remedy, and I, for one, would willingly cycle on roads of toffee if I could be sure of escaping from the dust of the automobilist. At the same time, Sir Hiram's little scheme would be rather hard on the poor moths and butterflies, who are quite unable, I believe, to resist the temptations of a sticky supper. It is always painful to see a butterfly broken on the wheel; I am afraid my tender heart would never survive the shock of a veritable holocaust.

Whilst he is waiting with all the patience at his command for the perfecting of Sir Hiram Maxim's scheme, the gentle-natured cyclist may console himself with the reflection that there are worse terrors on the road than the dust-raising motorist. Up to the present, I rejoice to note, the cycling Hooligan has scorned the byways and kept to the highways. His favourite haunt is the Brighton road, and there you may see him any Sunday, whirring through space with bent back, starting eyeballs, and protruding tongue. For some mysterious reason, these queer creatures are never to be found singly or in couples. Nothing less than a drove of twenty satisfies their cravings for hilarity and physical exaltation. One can only pray that the motor will never become so cheap as to be within the reach of the scorching Hooligan. I tremble to think of the havoc that would inevitably be wrought to my nerves if I found myself, in the course of a gentle Sunday afternoon amble, continually obliged to scuttle into the ditch in order to make way for a drove of motors. Luckily enough, I have always been temperate in matters of the imagination; were it otherwise, I might proceed to conjure up for you a picture of those dark days to come when the Hooligan will take possession of the upper air.

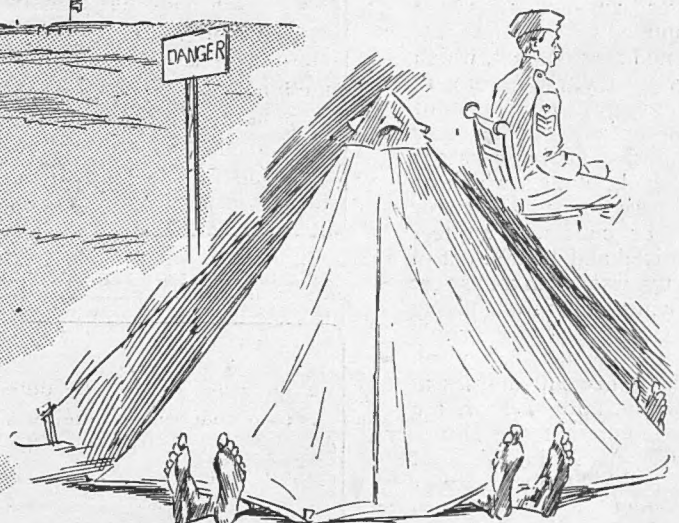




THE MAN WHO ALWAYS PUTS HIS FAILURE TO SCORE DOWN TO THE INCOMPETENCY OF THE MARKERS



DANGER FIRE ZONE



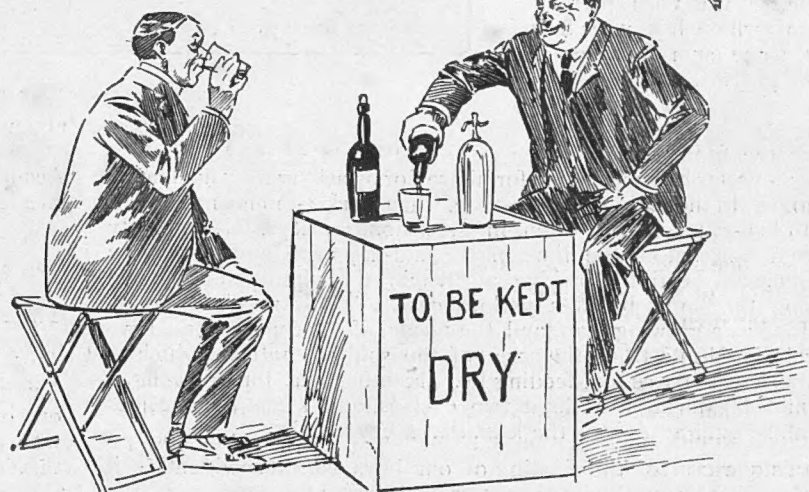
COMFORTS OF CAMPING - LONG MEN & SMALL TENTS



PRONE POSITION INCONVENIENT TO STOUT MEN



THE GODS ARE JUST AND OF OUR PLEASANT VICES MAKE INSTRUMENTS TO PLAGUE US (KING LEAR V.3)



EVENING CONVIVIALITY



## THE CLUBMAN.

*The Feeding of our Boys at School—Drinking the King's Health in Water.*

ONE of the morning papers has raised the question of the feeding of our boys at the great Public Schools, and I hope that the matter will be thoroughly threshed out and that some remedy may be found for the existing state of things. Only a week or two ago, a boy at one of the largest of our Public Schools told me that he and "the other fellows" in his house went to a shop and ate porridge in the afternoon; and when I insinuated that this was one of those strange freaks that schoolboys indulge in, he assured me that it was not so, and that he and the others bought porridge because it was cheap and filling, and because he and the other boys in the house were always hungry, for the mid-day meal was never a satisfying one. I will not mention the house nor the school, for I have no wish to bring a hornet's-nest about my ears, but, though I fancy that I stumbled on the worst example in a school where the feeding is always quoted as being, on the whole, indifferent, I am thoroughly sure that the system at most of our schools is wrong, for there is never a scale laid down which the house-masters must adhere to.

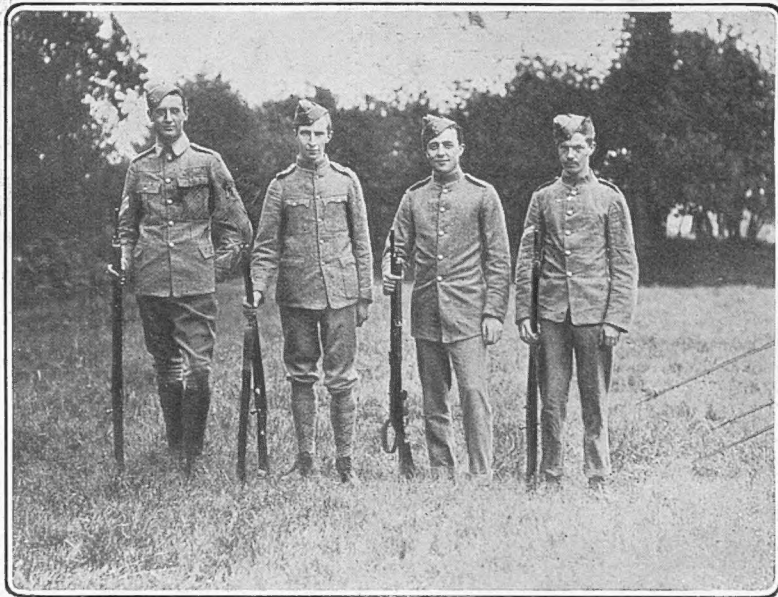
Harrow is the school I know best, and in the house I was in there bread-and-butter was what was supplied for breakfast. If we wanted more to eat, which we always did, we were at liberty to go to Fuller's or Smith's, or any of the other tuck-shops, and to buy sausages and mashed potatoes, which we carried away in paper bags, or kidneys or cutlets. The tea, ready mixed and poured out of great jugs, was warm and sweet and cloying. There was plenty to eat, and, that plenty roughly good, at the mid-day meal. Nowadays, in some houses at Harrow, the boys, I hear, are well fed, but that the houses vary very much in this. At Eton, I believe, the scale varies in different houses. Such Rugby boys as I know tell me that they are well fed in their houses. Marlborough makes the feeding of the boys a school business and not a matter for the house-masters; and either this or the establishment of a scale stating the minimum of meat that the house-masters shall give the boys is the right system on which to work.

A schoolboy does not grumble, but it is not right that at schools where his father has to pay some sum between a hundred and two hundred a-year for his tuition and board and lodging the boy should have to eke out the food supplied by his house-master by buying food for himself or by asking for "hampers" from home. In the middle of term-time, when pocket-money had ebbed down to low-water mark, I often, in my schoolboy days, felt as empty as a drum long before the time of the mid-day meal, and when boys are reduced to eating porridge at five in the afternoon to avoid starvation they must be in a parlous case. A boy requires just as much food as a growing man, and the needs of a growing man have been calculated in settling the scale of the soldier's rations, which is not a bad test to try school-feeding by. Fish or meat for breakfast, a good mid-day meal of at least two courses, and something besides bread-and-butter at night is the least that a boy should eat.

If this question of the feeding of our boys is threshed out as it really should be, some interesting facts concerning the feeding of the boys on the foundation of schools will come to light. The Winchester scholars, for instance, would have a satiety of mutton if the bequest of a pious benefactor was carried out exactly according to its original terms, and there are equally curious customs and legacies in other schools. Westminster's pancake, thrown over the beam, is a case where food and feeding do not go together, for a pancake after it has been scrambled for by a horde of boys would not be very tasty.

The King has privately let it be understood that, if his naval officers drink his health in water, he will be just as gratified as though it were drunk in wine. This is one more proof of the King's kindly common-sense, for no one nowadays contends that a teetotaler is not just as good a fighting-man and as patriotic a citizen as a man who drinks wine; but this was not always so, and the "Regent's Allowance" was especially instituted by the Prince Regent in the old bibulous days in order that all officers should be able to drink the King's health in wine after dinner. The "Regent's Allowance," when I first joined the Army, was applied as originally intended, and the wine drunk on the weekly guest-night was paid for partly or entirely from it. Later, the allowance was divided into two parts, one to go towards the lessening of messing expenses, the other towards decreasing wine-bills. How it is distributed now, I do not know; but eventually it will go, I am sure, altogether to the credit side of the

feeding account, not the drinking one. In the days when there was any real danger from the Jacobites, to drink the King's health in water would have been considered treachery, or something very near it, for any allusion to water was held to apply to "the King over the water." It is one of the tales of the Army that the officers of the Scots Guards were not allowed to use finger-bowls after dinner because they were suspected of passing their glasses over the water in the bowls when drinking the King's health.



THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM, WINNERS OF THE HUMPHRY CHALLENGE CUP.



TONBRIDGE SCHOOL TEAM, WINNERS OF THE ASHBURTON SHIELD.

TWO INTERESTING BISLEY GROUPS.

## THE LATE MR. J. MCNEILL WHISTLER.

The sudden death of Mr. Whistler at his Chelsea residence on Friday last removed one of the most original and striking personalities in the world of art. An American by birth, his family was of English origin, while he himself was a true cosmopolitan. Part of his childhood was spent in Russia, but on his father's death he returned to America and afterwards entered West Point Military School. Art, however, was his real bent, a soldier's life having no charms for him, so he went to Paris, where, as a pupil of Gleyre, he made many friends, most of whom have since become painters of fame. Mr. Whistler was a master of colour, and as an etcher he occupied a still greater place. He could also use his pen with facility, but of this it is not necessary to speak. It is sufficient to say that his great gifts as a painter secured him many distinctions: he was an Officer of the Legion of Honour, a Member of the Société Nationale des Artistes Français; Hon. Member of the Royal Academy of St. Luke, Rome; Hon. Member of the Bavarian Royal Academy; and Chevalier of the Order of St. Michael.

## SHOOTING AT BISLEY.

The National Rifle Meeting, despite the vagaries of wind and weather, aroused a good deal of interest in its earlier stages last week. One of the most popular events, the competition between Oxford and Cambridge Universities for the Humphry Challenge Cup, was fought out on Wednesday. The finish was exciting, for the Oxford four, who came to the last range twenty-eight points behind, shot so well that in the end they were beaten by the narrow margin of nine points. Captain Bray was top scorer for Cambridge, but the leading Oxford man, Mr. C. J. Salkeld Green, beat him by two points. The Ashburton Shield, shot for by teams of eight from the Public Schools, secured a record entry of more than forty, and was won by Tonbridge with a score of 500 as compared with Cheltenham's 469 last year. Bradfield came second, only four points behind, Bugler Hartree, a tiny soldier no taller than his rifle, heading his school's list with a total of sixty-three out of a possible seventy.



## SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

## AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

PARIS and Back, via FOLKESTONE-BOULOGNE or DOVER-CALAIS, First Class 58s. 4d., Second Class 37s. 6d., Third Class 30s., available by 2.20 p.m. and 9 p.m. Services from CHARING CROSS on July 30, 31, Aug. 1 and 2; also by 10 a.m. Service on Aug. 1. Returning from PARIS by certain Trains within 14 days.

BRUSSELS and Back, via CALAIS or BOULOGNE, 22s. 8d., via OSTEND, 18s. 1d. Tickets available for 8 days.

BOULOGNE and Back, leaving CHARING CROSS 2.20 p.m., Aug. 1. Returning 12 noon, 6.30 p.m., or 7.10 p.m., Bank Holiday; First Class 21s., Third Class 12s. 6d. Special 8-day Tickets to BOULOGNE and CALAIS; SATURDAY to MONDAY CHEAP TICKETS to CALAIS; and 8-day Excursions to OSTEND, AMSTERDAM, THE HAGUE, &c. Continental Services will run as usual.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, BEXHILL, CANTERBURY, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, DOVER, FOLKESTONE, SHORNCLEIFFE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, and NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA), will be issued from LONDON by all Trains (Mail and Boat Expresses excepted) on Friday and Saturday, July 31 and Aug. 1, available to return on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, Aug. 2, 3, 4, or 5.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS on SUNDAY and MONDAY, Aug. 2 and 3, from the principal LONDON STATIONS to CANTERBURY, DEAL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, GRAVESEND, HASTINGS, BEXHILL, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, RAMSGATE, BROADSTAIRS, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c.

Also CHEAP AFTERNOON EXCURSION to WHITSTABLE and HERNE BAY on SUNDAY, AUG. 2, leaving VICTORIA and HOLBORN at 2.55 p.m., and CHARING CROSS at 2.30 p.m.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSION to ALDERSHOT on BANK HOLIDAY, leaving CHARING CROSS at 9.24 a.m. Return Fare 3s., Third Class.

CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) on BANK HOLIDAY. Cheap Return Tickets will be issued from London, including admission.

For full particulars of the above excursions, Extension of time for certain Return Tickets, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

## LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

## GOODWOOD RACES.—Fast Trains for Portsmouth, Southsea, and Isle of Wight. Week-days.

From	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria	6 20	10 30	11 35	1 42	3 55	...	4 55	7 22
*Kensington	6 5	10 15	11 10	1 20	3 41	...	4 27	6 53
London Bridge	6 35	10 25	11 35	1 50	4 00	4 55	5 0	7 18

The last Train runs to Portsmouth Town only.

\* Addison Road.

SATURDAY and MONDAY, JULY 25 and 27, SPECIAL TRAINS FROM VICTORIA, for Pulborough, Midhurst, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, and to Portsmouth in connection with Steamers for the Isle of Wight.

## SPECIAL RACE TRAINS.

July 28, 29, 30, and 31.

From	A	B	C	D
Victoria	a.m. 7 5	a.m. 8 40	a.m. 9 0	a.m. 9 45
*Kensington	6 57	8 9	8 40	...
London Bridge	7 10	8 45	...	9 40

\* Addison Road. A—To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fares 17s. 10d., 11s. 8d., 10s. 0d. B—To Singleton, Third Class Return Fare 10s. 8d. C—To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fares, First Class 20s., Second Class 15s. D—To Drayton and Chichester, First Class only, Return Fare, 25s.

Particulars of Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

## PARIS, ROUEN, AND DIEPPE, AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.—

14-DAY EXCURSIONS, via Newhaven, SATURDAY, Aug. 1, from Victoria and London Bridge 10 a.m. (First and Second Class), and Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, July 30 to Aug. 2, from Victoria and London Bridge 8.50 p.m. (First, Second, and Third Class). Fares, Paris, 30s. 3d., 30s. 3d., 26s.; Rouen, 35s. 3d., 27s. 3d., 23s. 8d.; Dieppe, 32s., 25s., 20s.

DIEPPE, FRIDAY to WEDNESDAY.—Cheap Return Tickets from London Bridge and Victoria, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, July 31 to Aug. 3. Fares, by Day or Night Service (First and Second Class), 24s., 19s.; by Night Service only (Third Class), 15s.; available for return up to Aug. 5.

Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

## THE "DIRECT" ROUTE.

## TO EAST COAST WATERING-PLACES.

## ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE, JULY, 1903.

From LONDON (KING'S CROSS) EACH WEEK-DAY.

WEEK-DAYS.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross) ... dep.	5 15	7 15	8 45	9 45	10 10	10 20	10 35	10 55	11 25	11 30	11 45	12 30
Sheringham ... arr.	10 14	1 10	...	...	...	2 32	...	...	...	...	...	...
Cromer (Beach) ...	10 25	1 15	...	...	...	2 40	...	...	...	...	...	...
Mundesley-on-Sea ...	11 2	1 47	...	...	...	3 11	...	...	...	...	...	...
Skegness ...	9 29	11 20	1 15	...	...	1 52	...	...	...	...	...	4 18
Ilkley ...	10 17	12 41	...	2 3	...	...	3 46	...	...	...	...	...
Harrogate ...	10 48	1 0	...	2 22	2 37	...	...	...	3 28	...	...	...
Scarborough ...	11 15	...	...	...	3 5	...	4 5	...	...	4 40	5 30	...
Whitby ...	12 19	...	...	3 45	4 23	...	...	...	...	5 30	7 30	...
Filey ...	11 37	2 50	3 10	...	3 6	...	5 0	4 37	...	5 33	6 26	...
Bridlington ...	11 30	2 08	2 40	3 5	4 17	...	5 37	4 7	5 35	5 3	6 10	...
Redcar ...	12 13	...	...	...	3 50	...	...	...	5 20	...	...	...
Saltburn ...	12 28	...	...	...	4 12	...	...	...	5 30	...	...	...
Seaton Carew ...	12 17	...	...	...	3 56	...	...	...	5 31	...	7 42	...

WEEK-DAYS.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
London (King's Cross) ... dep.	1 30	1 40	2 0	2 20	3 0	3 25	3 45	4 15	5 45	6 15	10 30	10 45	11 4
Sheringham ... arr.	...	...	5 43	...	7 3	...	...	...	9 30	...	...	...	...
Cromer (Beach) ...	...	...	5 50	...	7 15	...	...	...	9 45	...	...	...	...
Mundesley-on-Sea,, ...	...	...	6 37	...	8 37	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Skegness ...	...	5 30	...	...	...	...	7 25	9 45	...	...	7K50	...	...
Ilkley ...	6 8	...	...	...	...	8 59	...	11 11	...	8C47	...	...	...
Harrogate ...	...	5 42	...	7 35	...	7 57	...	10 57	12 2	...	5L51	8K20	...
Scarborough ...	...	6 57	...	7 7	...	9 41	...	...	11 33	...	...	5 35	...
Whitby ...	...	7 58	...	8 01	...	10 26	...	...	...	...	...	6 20	...
Filey ...	...	7 31	...	8 30	...	10 2	...	...	...	8U54	6A47	...	...
Bridlington ...	...	6 55	...	8 08	...	9 15	10 41	...	11 38	...	7R 3	7A21	...
Redcar ...	...	...	...	8 17	...	9 36	...	...	...	...	...	6A37	...
Saltburn ...	...	...	...	8 33	...	9 51	...	...	...	...	...	6A52	...
Seaton Carew... ..	...	...	...	8 12	...	9 38	...	...	12 14	...	...	7A	...

\* Through Carriages to Sheringham and Cromer by these trains. + Through Carriages to Harrogate by these trains. || Mondays and Fridays only. A—On Sunday Mornings arrives Filey 11.34, Bridlington 12, Redcar 7.50, Saltburn 8.12, and Seaton Carew 8.16. B—First and Third Class Luncheon Car Express. C—On Sunday Mornings is due Ilkley at 11.3. D—First and Third Class Corridor Luncheon and Dining Car Express. E—Will not be run on Mondays or Wednesdays, and will not run after Aug. 22. G—Saturdays only. K—Not on Sunday Mornings. L—On Sundays is due Harrogate 8.4 a.m. M—On Saturdays arrives 2.13 p.m. N—From Aug. 1 to Sept. 12. O—Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays from July 10 to Sept. 7 arrives at 1.48 p.m.; R—On Sundays arrives 8.15 a.m. S—Bank Holidays excepted. U—Sunday mornings only.

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables, &c., at Stations and Town Offices.

OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

## GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

## ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE.

PADDINGTON TO WEYMOUTH, AND TO WINCHESTER AND SOUTHAMPTON.

JULY AND AUGUST. WEEK-DAYS.

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Paddington	dep.	9 35	12 35	1 50	2 25	5 0	5 45
Weymouth	arr.	1 35	4 15	...	6 45	8 48	...
Winchester	...	11 30	2 48	4 53	...	...	7 53
Southampton	...	12 10	3 25	5 27	...	...	8 25

JAMES C. INGLIS, General Manager.

## LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

## CONVENIENT EXPRESS TRAINS FOR TOURISTS AND FAMILIES.

## NORTH WALES TOURIST RESORTS.

	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston)	dep.	9 30	11 15
Rhyl	arr.	2 30	4 23
Colwyn Bay	...	2 58	4 46
Llandudno	...	3 20	5 20
Penmaenmawr	...	3 8	5 15
Bangor	...	3 17	5 30
Pwllheli	...	5 20	...
Criccieth	...	5 13	...

A—From July 1 to 25, and September 1 to 30, arrives Rhyl 2.36, Colwyn Bay 3.20, and Bangor 3.24 p.m.

	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston)	dep.	9 30	11 0
Barmouth	arr.	4 40	6 10
Aberystwyth	...	4 20	5 45

## CENTRAL WALES.

	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston)	dep.	11 0
Llandrindod Wells	arr.	4 15
Llangamarch Wells	...	4 52
Llanwrtyd Wells	...	5 5

## BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

	a.m.	a.m.
London (Euston)	dep.	10 15
Blackpool	arr.	4 5
Morecambe	...	3 59
Windermere	...	...
Keswick	...	...

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables and Notices.

FREDERICK HARRISON,

Euston, July 1903.

General Manager.

## ROYAL MAIL AND SHORTEST SEA ROUTE TO IRELAND,

VIA STRANRAER AND LARNE.

Open Sea Passage 80 minutes; Port to Port 2 hours. Two sailings each way daily (Sundays excepted).

BELFAST AND NORTHERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.

Excursions to Portrush, Giant's Causeway, Glenties, Whitehead (for Cliff Walks at Blackhead), Ballycarry (for the Gobbins Cliffs and Caves), and Larne. Circular Tours round Antrim Coast.

HOTELS OWNED AND MANAGED BY RAILWAY COMPANY—Station Hotel (Belfast and Northern Counties Railway); York Road, Belfast; Northern Counties Railway Hotel, Portrush. Terms on application to F. Cox, Hotel Manager, Portrush.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

**K**ING EDWARD'S first visit to Ireland since his Accession is in every sense a memorable event. His Majesty has always been credited with a special liking for the Irish people, and doubtless it was by the Sovereign's own wish that the Crimes Act was revoked on the eve of his own and the Queen's departure for the Emerald Isle. Dublin has been looking forward for a long time with special eagerness to their

Majesties' stay at the Viceregal Lodge. The Levée and Drawing-Room are certain to be especially splendid, the more so that, in the matter of beauty, Erin's daughters have always been blessed above the women of other nations.

### *A Brilliant Programme.*

The most striking new note of the Royal Irish tour will be the frequent use of the motor-car. Without the help of the horseless carriage, the King could not hope to visit the wilder portions of the lovely West country. It was at one time announced that their Majesties would spend a few days at Lismore Castle, as the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, but now it would seem as if this visit is not to take place. In any case, all the leading Irish Peers and Peeresses are expected to be in Ireland during the course of the Royal visit, and, what with this happy event and the great motor-race, Ireland will have no reason to complain of 1903.

### *A Noteworthy Suggestion.*

It is being quite seriously suggested that Edward VII., breaking through all traditions, should signalise the year 1904 by paying a State visit to America. The idea is, perhaps, not quite so surprising to the Sovereign as it is to his subjects, for, as we all know, His Majesty,

as a youth, made a memorable sojourn on the great continent, beginning his tour, as he would in all probability do next year, were such a noteworthy event to come to pass, by making a stay in the loyal Dominion. America has yet to receive the visit of a Crowned Head; but, now that the journey across the Atlantic is becoming shorter every day and scientists are conquering the air with apparently the same ease as they conquered the earth, no one can doubt that the visit of a European Sovereign to the States is but a matter of time.

### *The Motor-car Bill.*

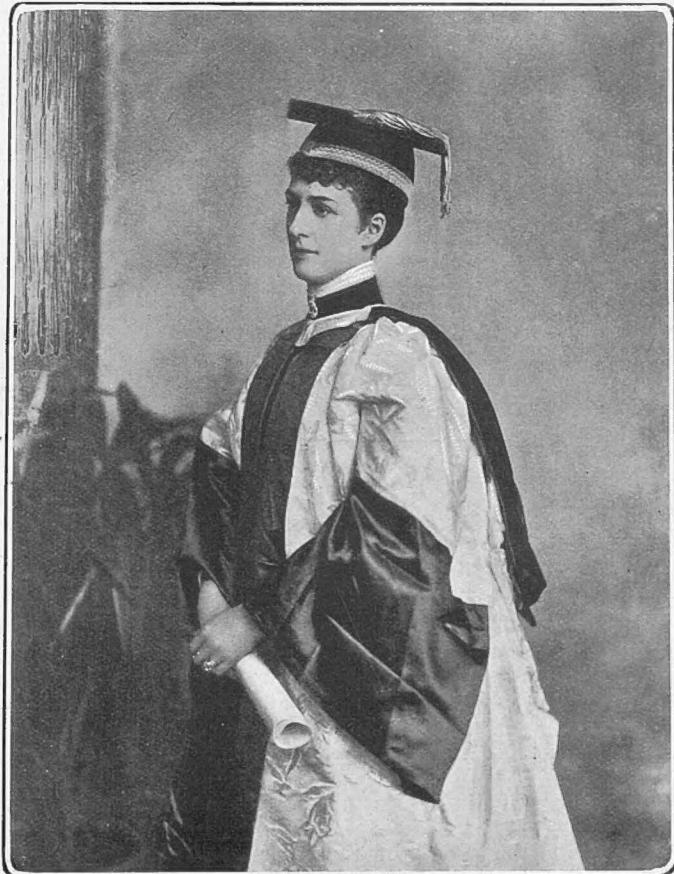
Peers are taking immense interest in the Motor-car Bill. There is a strong sense of the dangers which arise through reckless driving, but the general disposition is to encourage the motor industry. The Government have made an important concession to the champions of public interests by undertaking that all drivers, whether amateur or professional, should be required to have licences. By the Bill as it was introduced, only those were required to be licensed who drove for hire or reward. At the same time, the Government refuse to provide for any certificate of efficiency. The licence will be useful chiefly as a means of identification, and on this they lay great stress.

### *Actors and the Bill.*

One actor was named in the House of Lords, and another took part in the discussion on the Motor Bill. The actor who spoke was the Earl of Rosslyn. He rose from a cross-bench, and was listened to with interest by Peers who might have taken a lesson from him in elocution. The actor named in the controversy was Mr. Lewis Waller, "who has delighted so many of us," said Lord Camperdown. According to the noble Lord, Mr. Waller had been charged with driving too fast, and when told that he was going at twenty-four miles an hour, expressed his pleasure that he had such a good car. The Peers enjoyed the joke.

### *Sheep and the Car.*

A Perthshire farmer was driving sheep across a road, when a motor-car dashed on the scene. The car injured one of the animals so severely that it had to be killed, while the automobilist hurried on his way. The farmer sent the carcass to the market and was fined for selling diseased meat! This sad tale was told by a Peer in the discussion on Lord Balfour's Bill. Another Peer lamented that motors were decimating "the poultry of the country."



PORTRAITS OF KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR FORMER VISIT TO IRELAND, 1885.



### *The New Political Group.*

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and his Unionist Free Trade friends have formed themselves into a strong group, consisting of about sixty members, with the co-operation of Lord Goschen and Lord James. The Chairman of the group, Mr. Henry Hobhouse, is one of those able, well-informed, and influential Parliamentarians who do not advertise and who exercise an authority at St. Stephen's such as outsiders cannot fully appreciate. Mr. Hobhouse has represented East Somerset since 1885, and has secured general esteem in the House. He received one of the Coronation honours last year, in the shape of a Privy Councillorship.

At the head of Irish worthies stand the Viceroy and his charming Vice-reine. Lord and Lady Dudley seem to have brought good luck

to Ireland, and certainly not for many, many years has that country seen so popular a Lord-Lieutenant, while his beautiful young wife will be the first Vice-reine of the century to entertain a British Sovereign and his Consort. Of course, from a local point of view, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Harrington, takes a high rank among really Irish worthies; he has no easy task before him, but, as he is remarkable for his mother-wit and tact, no doubt he will succeed in doing what is said to be quite impossible—that is, in pleasing everybody. Lord and Lady Londonderry stand at the head of those Irish Peers and Peeresses who have made a point of being in Ireland. They are to entertain their Majesties at Mount Stewart from next Saturday to Monday, and the famous old place will never have seen gathered under its hospitable roof a more distinguished and brilliant house-party.

For the past ten years the ceremony of "hoisting" the Eton Eleven after a victory over Harrow has not taken place, and for the best of reasons. Two generations of boys have passed away since the Eleven last earned the honour, but the tradition had not been forgotten. The ceremony took place last week in the street facing the College, and in turn the Eleven were hoisted on the shoulders of the Upper Boys and run up and down in front of the College, the rest of the school cheering them enthusiastically. Cranshaw, who made a century, Hatfield, who bowled so well, Nicholl, the Captain, and Williams were the heroes of the occasion, and seldom has a schoolboy ovation been better deserved.

### *For Languorous Londoners: Hyde Park.*

Of all the pleasure-grounds in the British Empire, Hyde Park is probably the best-known, for it is the centre of the smartest life in the greatest Capital of the world. Other parks in foreign countries may surpass it in size and even in picturesque beauty, but, still, Hyde Park is—well, Hyde Park. In the height of the Season the

Drive is full of brilliant equipages containing the fair women and lovely children of the English aristocracy, and when the King and Queen drive slowly past, the scene is one that appeals to the imagination of the spectator. But Hyde Park does not consist only of the Drive, the famous Rotten Row, and the Serpentine, for its four hundred acres contain many spots of quiet beauty enriched by luxuriance of native and sub-tropical foliage. One of the most attractive of these is the Palm Dell, with its little, meandering stream and the exotic plants from which its name is derived, while the "Flower Walk" is, perhaps, even more attractive to visitors from the suburbs and the provinces. Kensington Gardens, with the memorial to the Prince Consort, and the quaint old Palace where Queen Victoria first saw the light, may be considered as part of the Park, and thus another three hundred acres is added to its extent. Perhaps nowhere in the kingdom can a

prettier combination of fine old trees and bright stretches of greensward be met with.

While the principal entrance to the Park, where once the grim statue of the great "Iron Duke" faced Apsley House, is not so imposing as it might be, it presents a very different appearance from that of some hundred and fifty years ago. Then it had a decidedly mean aspect, not at all improved by an apple-stall which stood at the east of the gate. The old lady who presided here was the wife of a Dettingen veteran who one day was recognised by George II. The King was so delighted at the meeting that he asked what he could do for the old soldier, who, prompted by his wily better-half, suggested that the freehold of the ground on which the stall stood would be acceptable. By order of the King this was made over to him, and when, years afterwards, Lord Apsley bought the ground adjoining for the erection of the noble mansion which was for so long the residence of the victor of Waterloo, he found the apple-stall and filthy tenement under his windows a "Naboth's vineyard," and the story goes that he bought out the apple-woman's heirs at a

fancy price; indeed, it is said that to this day the descendants of the fortunate old soldier and the cunning old apple-woman are drawing some five hundred pounds yearly through their ancestor's lucky meeting with the King.

### *A Unique Distinction.*

Mr. Henry Russell has received the distinction of being elected to a Professorship of the Academy of St. Cecilia in Rome. This is the first time that such an honour has ever been conferred upon an Englishman, and, indeed, Mr. Russell's work is so well known and is so sincerely conceived and sincerely carried out, that congratulations must necessarily be the central key-note of a brief recognition of his powers such as is contained in these few lines.



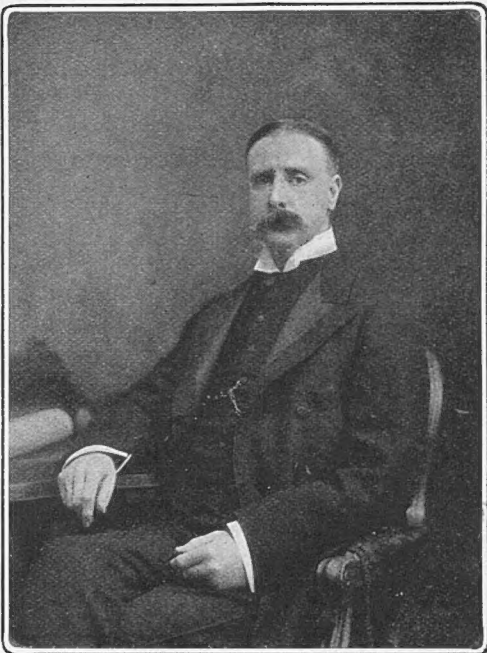
THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.



THE EARL OF DUDLEY.



THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.



THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO IRELAND: DISTINGUISHED LEADERS OF IRISH SOCIETY WHO WILL ENTERTAIN THEIR MAJESTIES.

*Photographs by Lafavette, Dublin.*

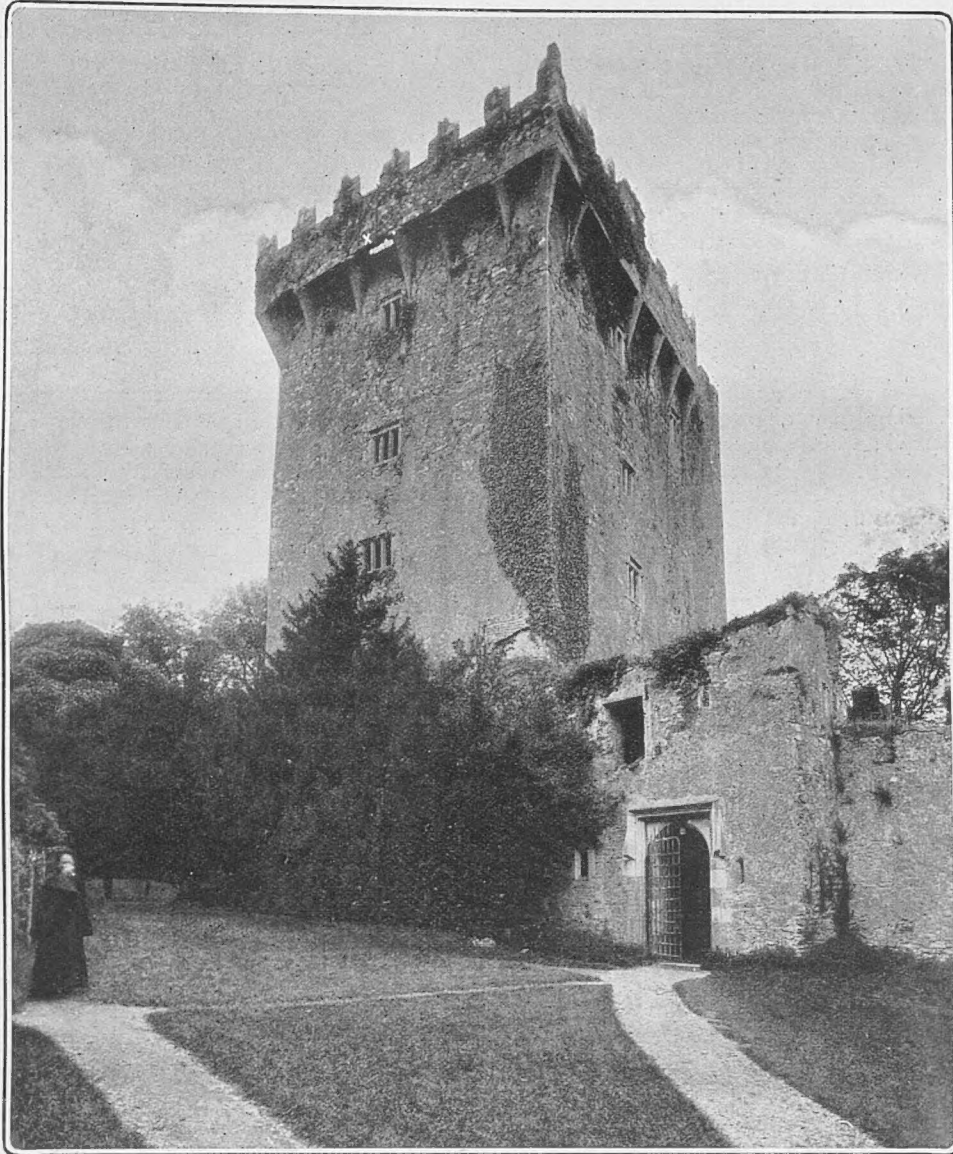


X The Stone.

Blarney Castle is, of course, celebrated because of the wonderful stone which has given a verb and a noun to the English language, and which no wise tourist leaves Erin without at least once pressing reverentially to his lips. Unfortunately, the real Blarney Stone is situated just below the parapet of the tower battlement, and it is whispered that the difficulty and danger of reaching it are so great that another Blarney Stone was, a long time ago, substituted in a more convenient spot. The verses originally written concerning the power of this remarkable stone are worth quoting, so quaint and so typically Irish are they—

There is a stone there that  
whoever kisses,  
Oh! he never misses to  
grow eloquent;  
'Tis he may clamber to  
my lady's chamber,  
Or become a Member of  
Parliament.

Glenveagh Castle, the splendid Irish home of that most successful and popular of American hostesses, Mrs. Adair, is to be honoured, if rumour speaks rightly, with a visit from the King and Queen. The splendid mass of building, more like a great Scottish stronghold than what the world usually associates with the term "an Irish castle," stands high above the Atlantic, from whence it makes a fine and imposing appearance outlined against the lovely hills of Donegal. Mrs. Adair's first Royal guests at Glenveagh were the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and since that time she has had the honour of receiving under her London roof our future King and Queen. No place visited by their Majesties during



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: BLARNEY CASTLE, SHOWING THE REAL STONE.

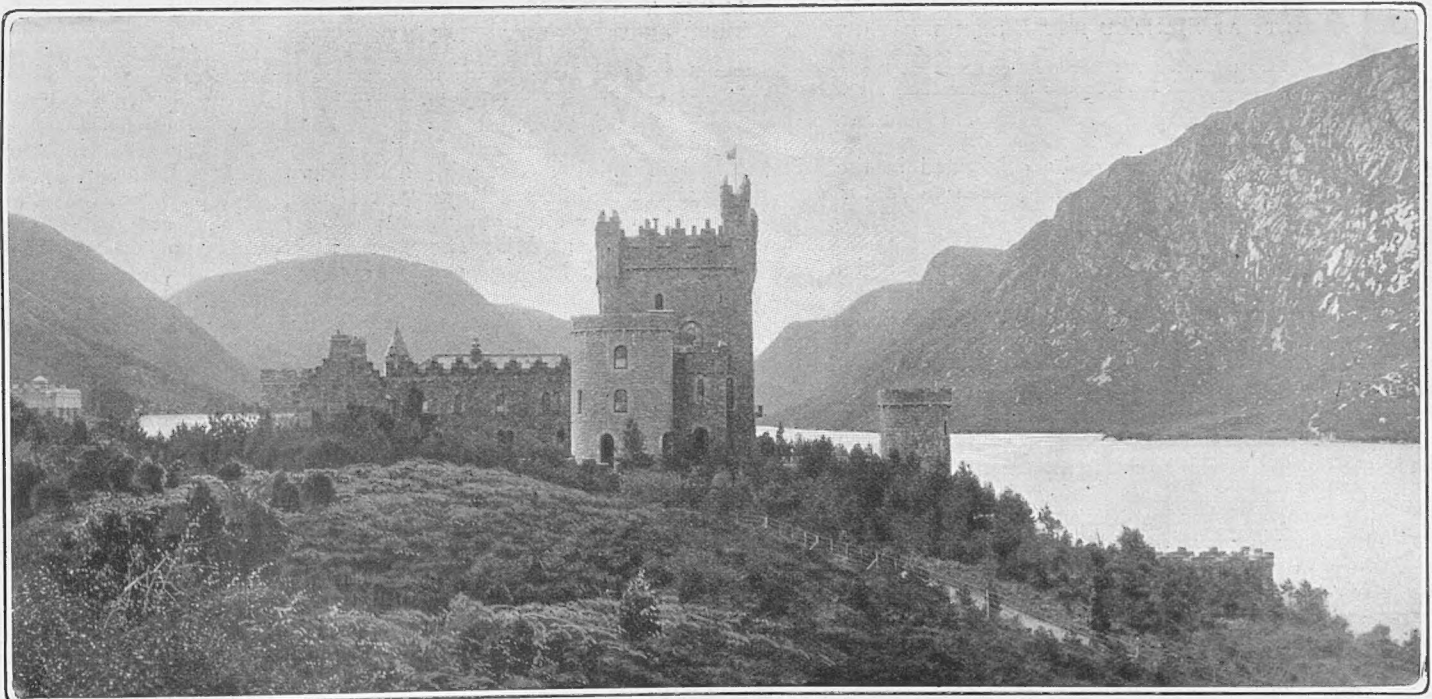
Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

their present Irish tour is more closely associated with early Irish history and the Kings of Tyrconnail than is Glenveagh.

The present powerful ship-of-war which bears the historic name of *Kearsarge* is a very different-looking vessel from the old ship which fought the memorable action in the American Civil War (writes a correspondent). After she sank the even more famous *Alabama* in the action off Cherbourg, the *Kearsarge* put into Dover for some time, and I well remember, as a small boy, looking with wonder at the ship which had just sunk another. The holes that Captain Semmes' shot had knocked in her sides were patched up with great pieces of sheet-iron, and the result was that the *Kearsarge* presented a rather dilapidated appearance. I was taken out to the ship in a boat, but did not go on board, as the man in authority was not with us on that occasion. But I perfectly well remember the battered man-of-war, and the American sailors leaning over her sides and watching the boats which put off full of people

eager to look at what was the most famous ship of the time after the sinking of the Confederate cruiser.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has been dramatised and will have its initial performance at Louisville in October. Mrs. Madge Carr Cooke represents Mrs. Wiggs. The Century Company are bringing out a new Holiday Edition of the book with coloured illustrations.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: GLENVEAGH CASTLE, THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. ADAIR, WHERE THEIR MAJESTIES WILL STOP OVERNIGHT DURING THEIR TOUR THROUGH DONEGAL.

Photograph by McConnell, Letterkenny.



### *A Wonderful Dowager Duchess.*

The venerable Duchess of Abercorn shares with Lady Glentworth the honour of being the oldest, as she is certainly the most remarkable, of British Dowager Peeresses. A daughter of the famous house of Russell, she is a great-aunt of the present Duke of Bedford, and her marriage took place seventy-one years ago. At the present moment, it is interesting to recall that her Grace and her famous husband, "Old Splendid," twice reigned over Ireland, the late Duke of Abercorn's two Vice-royalties being marked by exceptional splendour and brilliancy. The aged Duchess has seen her children's children rise up and call her blessed; most of her thirteen sons and daughters married, and she has something like one hundred and forty descendants, including the fine baby son and heir of Lord and Lady Dunglass, who, in spite of his extremely tender age, was prominently present at the great celebration which took place at Montagu House, Whitehall, on the occasion of the Duchess's ninety-first birthday.

### *Three New Engagements.*

Three interesting new engagements have just been announced; from the precedence point of view, the most notable is that of the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Curzon's youthful A.D.C. His future Countess is the pretty daughter of General Wolfe Murray, who holds an important

certain to have more than one Royal guest staying with them at West Dean Park. The Duke of Richmond and Lord March intend, it has just been announced, to greatly alter the amenities of the famous Sussex racecourse. The Grand Stand, which has seen at one time or another most of the Crowned Heads of Europe enjoying its hospitable if somewhat scanty accommodation, will be pulled down to make room for a more palatial and, above all, a more up-to-date erection. Doubtless, the transformation of Ascot has inspired the Duke of Richmond, and it certainly seems a pity that so delightful a racecourse as that which sweeps the noble stretch of down near Chichester should be defaced by an ugly and old-fashioned Grand Stand.

### *A New American Hostess.*

Lady Yarmouth has made her début as a London hostess under very brilliant auspices. She and Lord Yarmouth—the latter, as all the world knows, is nothing if not original—decided it would be better to give their first dinner-party at a great restaurant, instead of at the pretty little house where they are spending the fag-end of the Season. Princes' was the place chosen, and among the American Countess's guests were Mr. Choate, who came to support his young countrywoman under a somewhat trying ordeal, Mrs. George West, to whom the event probably recalled the occasion of her own brilliant début as



The Duchess of Abercorn.

HOUSE-PARTY AT MONTAGU HOUSE IN HONOUR OF THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN'S 91ST BIRTHDAY (THURSDAY, JULY 9).

ON THE DUCHESS'S LEFT IS SEATED THE PRESENT DUKE, ON HER RIGHT THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF LICHFIELD, WHILE STANDING AT THE BACK OF THE CHAIR ARE LORD GEORGE AND LADY HAMILTON, AND TO THEIR LEFT THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DALKEITH.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

Indian command. Should the marriage be celebrated in the East, it will be the smartest function of the kind seen there for many a long day.

The engagement of Lord Herbert, the eldest son and heir of Lord Pembroke, and a nephew of Lord Durham and of Commander Hedworth Lambton, is a great social event, and concerns an immense circle of noted people related to the happy couple, for the bride-elect is one of the fortunate Pagets, always so highly favoured by Royalty. She is a daughter of the late Lord Alexander Paget, and, therefore, first-cousin to beautiful Lady Colebrooke. Lord Herbert should have a distinguished career, for he is the grandson and namesake of the Lord Herbert of Lea who played so noble a part in the Crimean War.

Yet another elder son who has just become engaged is Lord Garioch, the future Earl of Mar; he is to marry Miss Sibyl Heathcote, who is as keenly interested in sport as he is himself. Many wise folk put off announcing their engagements till the end of the Season, in order that they may escape providing their friends with the amusement attendant on a smart London wedding. Most of the forthcoming marriages of social consequence will take place in the country.

### *A Quiet Goodwood.*

Glorious Goodwood will scarcely know itself this year, but doubtless most of the great houses in the neighbourhood will be full-up, and Mr. and Mrs. Willie James are

Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Warwick, and Mrs. Ronalds. The dinner was followed by an "At Home," to which many well-known people came on from various other parties. The new American hostess was, as Miss Thaw, of Pittsburg, one of the wealthiest of Transatlantic heiresses; she is credited with a great wish to make a mark in English Society, and doubtless she will prove a valuable addition to the already brilliant group of Anglo-American hostesses.

### *A Fine Sculler.*

Mr. F. S. Kelly, the young Oxford and Leander man, comes from Australia, the land which has produced so many first-rate scullers. He is a natural born as distinguished from a coach-made oar, and he sculls so easily that he seems to get the maximum of pace with the minimum of exertion. He did not succeed in winning the University Sculls at Oxford last year, as he was beaten in the final heat by W. W. Field, of Exeter; but he had his revenge at Henley in the Diamonds, for Titus, the American sculler, beat Field easily in a preliminary heat, and was then defeated equally easily by Kelly. In the final Kelly met R. B. Etherington-Smith and beat him after a good race. He did not enter in 1902 for the Wingfields, which he would no doubt have won; but this year he rowed over for the Oxford University Sculls, as no one ventured to oppose him. This year at Henley he proved himself to be in a class by himself, and the way in which he distanced all his opponents in the Wingfields last week showed that he is one of the greatest scullers of recent years.



*Smart Society  
Bow-wows.*

It would, of course, be absurd to say that a love of dogs is in any way new to Society. The grandmother of the present Lord Lytton, when paying calls, used to leave with her own a tiny card on which was inscribed "Miss Fairy Bulwer-Lytton," the name of her lapdog! It may be doubted if even the most ardent members of the Ladies' Kennel Association would now think of doing such a thing. Still, at the present moment, man and woman's best friend has no reason to complain. The list of ardent dog-lovers is headed by Her Gracious Majesty, who, as Princess of Wales, was painted with a pet Skye in her lap. Many of the most familiar photographic portraits of our popular Queen show her with Alix, a noble Russian wolf-hound who was so often exhibited at the leading Dog Shows and whose death was a great grief to the Royal Household. As in duty bound, most of the ladies who belong to the Court circle follow the Queen's example. Miss Minnie Cochrane is a devoted dog-lover, so is Lady Knollys.

*Some Noted Dog-  
lovers.*

The young Duchess of Westminster is very learned as regards dog lore, but probably the most "doggy" feminine wearer of the strawberry-leaves is her Grace of Newcastle, who shares with the Duke the Presidency of the Borzoi Club. The Countess of Aberdeen and her daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, make a speciality of the Scottish terriers known as "Aberdeens," and yet another dog-lover is Mrs. Sydney Waterlow, who belongs to a great literary and legal family and is noted for her intelligent affection for animals.

*A Fortunate Naval  
Officer.*

Captain the Hon. Seymour John Fortescue is one of Lord Fortescue's four distinguished sons. He entered the Navy when he was thirteen, and had the good-fortune to see a great deal of active service during the bombardment of Alexandria and the subsequent Egyptian War. He has been directly connected with the Court for just ten years, for in 1893 he became Equerry to the then Prince of Wales, and he was reappointed to

statesmen, Lord Melbourne, and he is the brother-in-law of the brilliant statesman whom his colleagues dub "Black Michael" and who is thought by many people to have a very good chance of playing a leading part on the coming political stage. His Majesty's Equerry was included in M. Loubet's English suite, and during the President's stay in London Captain Fortescue's well-set-up figure was one of the prominent features of the various ceremonies.



MRS. SYDNEY WATERLOW.

Photograph by Beresford.

*The New  
Lady Dalhousie.*

The new Lady Dalhousie was, as Lady Mary Willoughby, one of the most popular and charming girls in the rather serious section of the great world, and her wedding last week brought together a far more distinguished company than that generally gathered together at even an Earl's marriage. The Princess of Wales, who has always been very fond of the bride, gave her a charming and original gift, a parasol-handle set with diamonds; indeed, Lady Mary seems to have been much blessed in the matter of parasols, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset also choosing this typical summer present. Young Lady Dalhousie will be an interesting addition to the already distinguished group of Scottish hostesses and Peeresses. She is devoted to Scotland, having spent a good deal of her childhood and early girlhood at Lord Ancaster's splendid place, Drummond Castle, where the Prince and Princess of Wales were entertained last year.

*The Journal of the  
Guards.*

Among the regimental journals of the British Army, the *Household Brigade Magazine* naturally takes its place in the front rank. Published for the benefit of the non-commissioned officers and men of His Majesty's Guards, the expenses far exceed the receipts, and hence it occurred to the editor, Major Nugent, of the Irish Guards, to issue a special number in commemoration of the King's birthday. Printed on art-paper, and containing excellent portraits of the King, Earl Roberts, and other Colonels of the Guards, with facsimile letters from Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, articles by the Countess of Dudley, the Bishop of London, Sir Henry Irving, and others; and illustrations

CAPTAIN THE HON. S. J. FORTESCUE, EQUERRY  
TO THE KING.

MR. T. HARRINGTON, LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

THE COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE, A BRIDE  
OF LAST WEEK.

## IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

Photographs by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

the same pleasant post on His Majesty's Accession: Captain Fortescue is a keen sailor, and for a while he was a member of the Naval Intelligence Department. His political interests are twofold: he is a grandson of that most delightful of early Victorian

by E. T. Reed and F. Carruthers Gould; this Birthday number may be obtained of any bookseller for half-a-crown. Of the short stories, one of the best is "Sergeant Saunderson's Success," for which Major Nugent himself is responsible.



*The Commemoration  
of the Battle of  
Shrewsbury.*

Just five hundred years ago—on July 21, 1403—was fought the Battle of Shrewsbury, one of the bloodiest and most fiercely contested of the many that took place during the Wars of the Roses, when a rebel army fourteen thousand strong, under the command of the gallant Hotspur, son of Percy, first Earl of Northumberland, was defeated by Henry IV. just outside that town, leaving six thousand of their number and their leader dead on the battlefield. The inhabitants of the ancient borough are this week celebrating the anniversary in a manner worthy of the occasion. Earlier in the year, a Committee was formed, under the Chairmanship of the Mayor, Mr. H. R. H. Southam—himself an ardent archæologist—consisting of members of the County Council, the Borough Council of Shrewsbury, and the Shropshire Archæological Society, and an appeal for funds met with a hearty response from all classes of the community. The celebration commenced on Sunday last with a State-procession of the Corporation and other bodies to the old Abbey Church, where a special service was held, the preacher being the Rev. Prebendary Moss, Headmaster of Shrewsbury School.

On Monday afternoon a performance of "Richard II." was given by Mr. F. R. Benson's Shaksperian Company, who have been specially engaged for the whole week. In the evening, the patrons and subscribers (among whom may be mentioned the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of London, Lichfield, Shrewsbury, Bristol, and Oxford, the Dukes of Norfolk and Sutherland, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and the Lord Mayor of London) were received by the Mayor and Mayoress. Yesterday, being Commemoration Day, a service was held at Battlefield Church—erected in recent years on the site of the fray—and a sermon preached by the Bishop of Lichfield, after which Mr. J. H. Wylie delivered a lecture on the Battle of Shrewsbury. In the evening, "Henry IV." was performed by Mr. Benson's Company. To-day a matinée of "Henry V." is to be given, and in the evening "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Other entertainments to be given during the week include old English sports, with morris-dancing, tilting at the ring, &c., and visits to Shrewsbury churches and to Wroxeter and Haughmond Abbey, under the guidance of members of the Council of the Shropshire Archæological Society.

*The Continental  
Gallery.*

Now that the knell of the Season has sounded, and everyone whose thoughts are directed from heath and hill, from park and river, is dreaming of the ever-sounding sea, a one-man exhibition of more than ordinary interest is that of Mr. A. J. Warne Browne, who is showing some thirty-odd sea-pictures at the Continental Gallery, 157, New Bond Street. Full of the infinite variety of the sea, they are instinct with

that feeling for its changing aspect which is, unfortunately, so often lacking in studies of the water which girts "our island home." The place of honour among Mr. Warne Browne's remarkably faithful studies is deservedly held by "The Wild West Sea," which represents a bit of the Cornish coast near the Lizard. It was in the Academy last year, and called forth more than ordinarily warm encomiums from Mr. J. McNeill Whistler for its truth to nature and the "go" of its treatment, while the veteran George F. Watts also singled it out for



COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY: BATTLEFIELD CHURCH.

*Photograph by Bartlett, Shrewsbury.*

special comment as the work of a man who will go more than ordinarily far in what is an admittedly difficult form of painting.

*A Well-Named  
Battleship.*

As most people are aware, a great deal of superstition attaches to the names of ships, and sailors have a very decided objection to sailing in any craft which was launched on Friday. Curiously enough, two great disasters have been associated with ships bearing Royal names. Many of us can remember the terrible sensation caused by the sinking of the excursion-steamer *Princess Alice*, and the collision which sealed the fate of the *Victoria* was one of those tragedies which will never be explained. Of the many ships named after the late Sovereign, this was the only one which came to ill. The launching of the *King Edward VII.* will be enlivened by a picturesque incident, namely, the presentation to the battleship, by the ladies of the Navy League, of a white ensign.

*Two Notable Concerts.* Mr. Kubelik's concert at the St. James's Hall the other day once more proved that this artist has the very finest elements burning within him when he sets himself to produce artistic work in its most vital, in its keenest form. His performance of Wieniawski's First Concerto in F-sharp Minor was as brilliant as it was sound. The work is extremely ingenious, and is written with a peculiar sentiment for all that is best in violin-playing. After so fine a display, it was a little disappointing to hear this artist contenting himself with Sarasate's "Fantaisie" on "Carmen." Frau Kwast-Hodapp played certain pianoforte works with considerable distinction.

Mr. Borgea Oumiroff gave a concert at the Bechstein Hall two or three days ago, in which he was assisted by-Mdlle. Milada Cerny. The Concert Programme was a distracting one, from the critical point of view, because, although a certain number of songs were set down for performance in an English translation, Mr. Oumiroff chose to alter the order of them; singing, moreover, as he did, very often in rather outlandish languages, it was a trifle difficult to know what exactly he was about. Nevertheless, in songs by Schumann and Franz, he proved that he had not only a fine voice, but also a fine temperament.



COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY: THE SQUARE, SHREWSBURY, WITH OLD STATUE OF HENRY V. IN WALL OF THE MARKET-PLACE

*Photograph by Bartlett, Shrewsbury.*



## SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

## PARIS.

As usual upon the National Fête Day, Paris was divided into people who were trying to get into town and people who were trying to get out of it, and, if the Bastille had not fallen in 1789, I fancy that it would have been in the interest of the railway companies to pull it down, for their profits must have been enormous. Although the only reasonable place to be in on the 14th of July is either bed or the seclusion of one's room, professional necessities took me out among the *mâts de cocagne*, the sack-races, the street cake-walks, and other popular so-called recreations on Tuesday, and, owing to a pretty sight I witnessed at the Opera, I did not regret it. As usual, the Opera was circled by an immense crowd which had been waiting there since early morning, and not a few enthusiasts since the night before, and just as I reached it a Blind School came up—some fifty men, women, and children—who, if they could get in, were going to profit by the free performance. Their leaders uttered exclamations of dismay when they saw what a crowd was there before them, and several lips began to quiver as the poor creatures were told that they might very possibly not get into the Opera House at all. "Let's let them in, in front of us!" shouted a ragged mortal who had spent the whole night waiting for a front place, which he had hoped, but had as yet failed, to sell to someone with more cash than patience. The notion was received with acclamation and with the utmost gentleness. The crowd of blind folk then passed into the front rank without a murmur from the others.

The young American soprano, Mr. Stuart, who made such a sensation at the Palace some time ago, is making an even greater one in Paris at the Alcazar d'Été. His really fine soprano voice, a natural falsetto, might have attracted audiences without extraneous help, but he or his manager has hit upon a clever method of advertisement, and that is, like all clever things, extremely simple. The sex of Mr. Stuart has been made a mystery. His name upon the programme is surrounded by interrogation signs, and audiences go wondering whether he be a woman or a man. It is most amusing to see the crowd waiting outside the stage-door of the Alcazar at midnight, but they do not find the singer out, for Mr. Stuart, who in mufti looks just like other people, is never recognised.

M. Santos-Dumont is not the only man in Paris who has been doing wonders in the air this week. Count Henri de la Vaulx, with Count Edelin d'Oultremont, has just accomplished a truly wonderful trip from Paris to the Pyrenees, landing, after forty-eight hours, in the neighbourhood of Tarbes, near Lourdes. They had no intention, the Count de la Vaulx tells me, of travelling so far when they set out, but conditions proved so favourable that they could not resist travelling as long as their ballast would permit them. Both Counts were delighted and astonished at the marvels of a journey from one end to the other of their country at an altitude of ten thousand feet and more, and, thanks to the limpidity of the atmosphere, they enjoyed a wonderful panorama. Had they had a bigger balloon—theirs only measured nine hundred cubic mètres—they would have crossed the Pyrenees, and they intend, on the first favourable day, to journey from Paris to Madrid without any fears of automobile accidents.

"La Volupté de Vivre," by Guy de Téramond, which M. H. Simonis Empis has sent me, is a fantastic and an interesting book. Under the cloak of the adventures of an American lady, masquerading as a resuscitated mummy, the author contrives to combine a pretty love-story and an historically correct if popularly told record of the customs of the land of the ancient Pharaohs. I have but one fault, and that a slight one, to find with M. Guy de Téramond. His studies in the English language have been incomplete, and sentences like "Votre promenade, Mistress, a été longue" must make an Anglo-Saxon smile. Fernand Chezell sends me his "Chansons Aigres-Douces," a salad of charming ballads, daring puns, and political squibs in verse, of which each one, and there are eighty poems in the book, is a small masterpiece. M. Chezell, who sings his own songs in Montmartre cabarets, is worthy of the palmy days of the Chat Noir.

## BERLIN.

The German Empress is spending the summer holidays with her children on the Imperial domain at Cadinen. The chief amusement of the children there is

to model with the Majolica clay obtained on the estate. The Emperor has caused magnificent workshops to be erected for this purpose, and a large collection of birds and animals modelled by Princess Victoria Louise and her brothers is awaiting inspection by the Emperor on the return of His Majesty from his Norwegian cruise. Before her departure for Cadinen, the young Princess, whose doings arouse no small measure of popular interest, especially among the female half of the German population, took a series of cooking-lessons. For her sole use, a tiny kitchen, furnished with all necessary utensils, has been fitted up in the Neues Palais at Potsdam. The Emperor's *chef*, Herr Hübner, initiated Her Royal Highness into the first mysteries of his art. She tried her hand on the opening day at the preparation of some chocolate, and when the decoction was finished she ran joyously to the Empress and insisted on Her Majesty drinking some of it. The cooking-lessons are to be resumed when the Princess returns to Potsdam.

I am reminded by the nineteenth birthday of Prince Adalbert of the interesting fact that the Emperor's sons are rapidly attaining manhood. Prince Adalbert, who, like his Royal uncle, Prince Henry, has embraced a naval career, is being instructed just now in torpedo-boat service. He has completed his theoretical training, and will depart in eight weeks' time for a two years' period of active service in East Asia on board the first-class cruiser *Hertha*. During the first twelve months of this period, His Royal Highness will do duty as a midshipman. He will then be promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. Prince Adalbert's chief will be Captain von Schimmelmann, who has acted for some years past as Naval Attaché at St. Petersburg.

I am glad to notice that the Palace in which the old Emperor William resided is being restored. The historical edifice has passed into the hands of Prince Henry of Prussia. The "window" whence the aged monarch used to watch the daily march-past down the Linden Avenue of the Royal Guard is still preserved as he left it. It is one of the first "sights" to which Berlin guides conduct the foreign tourist.



MISS HETTY HAMER, A BEAUTY OF THE MUSICAL-COMEDY STAGE.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

### THE DYING SEASON.

THE season is over, and the critic may go for his holidays anticipating nothing of great importance during some weeks to come. There has been a kind of final flicker in the revival by Mrs. Patrick Campbell of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and the reproduction of "The Bishop's Move" at the Garrick. Concerning them there is little to be said, though it is rather tempting to deal in one article with works so entirely different. Before the critic attempts to enjoy his holiday, it is natural that he should take stock and ask what has happened since his last annual outing. The 1902 and 1903 crop will not be regarded as brilliant. The ugly term "epoch-making" cannot be ascribed to it from any point of view. There has been an unusual degree of discussion about acting, and the final paragraphs have been concerning Mr. Beerbohm Tree's proposed new school or college for the education or training of players. It may be admitted that the season has shown absolutely nothing extraordinary in the way of acting; no unknown player has achieved a great triumph, no old hand has very materially increased in popularity. It would, however, be unjust to assume from this that the pessimistic view about acting is well founded. No doubt, many players constantly in engagement in London and well paid are of deplorable mediocrity, but to pretend that managers could not replace them with new blood is to exhibit ignorance. For some inscrutable reason, managers insist upon relying on what may be called "safe" performers who have reached, by hazard or advertisement, an acknowledged position. The outsider apparently makes a "hit"; the unobservant imagines that he or she will come to the front, but the unfortunate outsider, instead of coming to the front, goes to the provinces. It would be possible to name many who deserve but are unlikely to get a trial; just as it is easy to mention several who have been tried and found wanting, yet retain their places. One has only to consider the performances of the Stage Society to see that we have a rich reserve fund. Difficult plays have been superbly acted under trying circumstances by casts containing hardly any players who have had a chance of becoming public favourites; on the other hand, it would be easy to name actors and actresses who have failed time after time during the past season to do justice to rich parts without losing their positions. As an instance of one aspect of my proposition, I will take the presentation by the Stage Society of "The Good Hope," a deeply interesting, exceedingly exacting play produced under the disadvantages always attendant upon such performances. It is probably not too much to say that, if those who took part in it were excluded, a Company selected from the whole of the London theatres could not have given such a brilliant representation; and certainly, in my opinion, no actress in our theatre or any other could have excelled Miss Rosina Filippi. Yet, apart from casual engagements in minor parts, it may be said that hardly any of the performers in this work have had a chance elsewhere in the first-class London theatres of showing their abilities. Unfortunately, in the theatrical as in many other careers it is almost as difficult to get out of as to get into favour, although, strange to say, three of our greatest performers, and once, at least, greatest favourites, are unable to maintain a permanent position in the Metropolis; indeed, I would have said four but for the fact that it is difficult to know how far the fourth is expatriated owing to American engagements. I might borrow a phrase from a once popular song and say, "With an accent on the 'Pat.'" No doubt, this curious state of things, of managers crying out for competent performers and competent performers crying out for managers, is partly to be accounted for by the fact that something similar to a Trust system is invading the London stage, and that, if things go on in their present way, very soon the drama of London will be in the hands of a few commercial speculators and two or three quasi-independent managers waging a precarious war with them; indeed, our unfortunate national drama is threatened by a danger, undreamt of a decade ago, which is not unlikely to rob it of all vitality.

From my point of view at least, it is out of due order to talk first of the players, and so I will hasten to the dramas and dramatists of the moribund season. The one recognised playwright whose reputation is enhanced is Mr. J. M. Barrie. I do not pretend to admire his pretty piece of artificial sentimentality, "Quality Street," despite its enormous success; but "The Admirable Crichton" shows Barrie the dramatist more like Barrie the novelist than any other play of his. It may be marred by the lack of conscientiousness which causes one to think of Buchanan when speaking of Barrie, since each playwright has seemed to show a quiet contempt for the stage and a deliberate scorn for the public—well founded, I fear. However, it is undeniable that, despite deplorable and, I think, wilful flaws, "The Admirable Crichton" is the most brilliant and most intellectual of the successes of the season; it has the advantage, too, of exhibiting, in the work of

Mr. H. B. Irving, the finest piece of humorous acting presented for a long time in London. Certainly none of the other recognised dramatists has added to his reputation, unless it be Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, whose so-called romantic play, "If I were King," has enjoyed great popularity. The other successful costume-plays—for I think the word "romantic" is somewhat flattering—have been "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "Dante." In the former, Mr. Lewis Waller has distinguished himself by a very clever piece of acting, but the general opinion of the critics may fairly, I think, be summed up in the phrase "no class," and "Dante," of course, has had a prosperous run, and we have M. Sardou's opinion that it is a great work, and not merely a lurid Drury Lane melodrama.

"For Sword or Song?" was noteworthy on account of some eccentric and occasionally beautiful stage-effects, eliminated during its career, which may be set to the account of Mr. Gordon Craig, who, at the Imperial Theatre in "The Vikings" and the revival of "Much Ado about Nothing," puzzled, delighted, and displeased the world by the attempted execution of theories not easily discoverable which have led to so much that is good and so much that is bad as to give him a drawn battle. Perhaps this is unfair. Certainly by comparatively economical means he has produced remarkably lovely effects, and yet one is forced to the conclusion that his enthusiasm is insufficiently tempered by judgment. Whilst speaking of romantic plays, one must refer to "Flodden Field," which, however, was neither better nor worse than those acquainted with the Laureate's poetry expected. We have had one successful new dramatist, Mr. Hubert Davies, concerning whose limitations it is difficult to speak with confidence. The charming gifts which he has shown entitle us to expect that he will give a great deal of healthful, easy amusement to the public, and there is no ground for forming a definite opinion as to whether he does or does not possess the qualities that he has not exhibited—the qualities, for instance, shown by Mr. W. S. Maugham in "A Man of Honour," quite one of the plays, if not the play, of the season. The difference between the works of the two dramatists may, perhaps, be summed up in the statement that Mr. Maugham's piece is interesting in the library, whilst, despite the prettiness of the second Act of "Cousin Kate," one can hardly imagine that anyone would care to read it as a piece of literature. The observation would be idle unless one could go on to say that "A Man of Honour" was a powerful acting play. For the curious are aware that there are many pieces that read well and act ill. They, of course, are out of the reckoning in the consideration of drama, and should really be considered as interesting works of art injured by being in the wrong medium. One might ask whether Sudermann's play, "The Joy of Living," is not in this category; it is deeply interesting as a book, but one cannot say that, despite Mrs. Campbell's superb performance, it acted well. Perhaps, however, the disadvantageous and inexcusable circumstances of its production and the fact that it was not well cast invalidate the observation. Certainly the German Company which had a brilliant season at Penley's Theatre were able to make it live as a stage work. This German season was decidedly valuable in that it presented some interesting works and admirable artists. One may recollect that the successful play, "Old Heidelberg," was one of its earliest productions. In this Mr. Alexander has achieved a remarkable success, and, as the young Prince, has delighted his numerous admirers. Among the lighter works of art, Mr. St. John Hankin's piece, "The Two Mr. Wetherbys," deserves recognition as a piece of exceedingly clever, dry, farcical comedy, with an agreeable novelty of flavour. I have overlooked the productions at His Majesty's, "The Eternal City" and "Resurrection," to say nothing of "The Gordian Knot," which was very quickly untied. Unfortunately, Mr. Hall Caine is sadly commonplace as a playwright. "Resurrection" was decidedly better than "The Eternal City," though it seems a pity to belittle a big work like Tolstoy's novel by making a theatrical hash of it. Still, it enabled Mr. Beerbohm Tree to show his remarkable versatility and Miss Lena Ashwell to add to her well-deserved triumphs. "The Light that Failed" belongs to the unclassifiable drama, and was quite interesting and effective, if not truly characteristic of Kipling.

The musico-dramatic stage has exhibited very painfully the fact that brilliant music, witty dialogue, admirable singing and dancing at the Savoy have no very great weight with the public when compared with the attractions of the musical go-as-you-please. Yet, on the other side of the account may be set, though not at a very substantial figure, the success of "My Lady Molly," which indicates a tendency to support less exacting comic opera, though it shows on the part of the musician a recognition of the fact that it is not safe in this class of entertainment to give one's best.



"LORNA DOONE" ON THE STAGE.



MISS LILIAN ELDEE AS LORNA.



MR. HAYDEN COFFIN AS JOHN RIDD.

A DRAMATISED VERSION OF "LORNA DOONE" WAS RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE AVENUE FOR A SHORT SERIES OF MATINÉES.  
THE NOVEL WAS ARRANGED FOR THE STAGE BY MISS ANNIE HUGHES.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.*



## BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

## XXIX.—SELSDON PARK, NEAR CROYDON.

WITHIN a dozen miles of the City of London, and scarcely three from Croydon's palatial Town Hall, stands the beautiful seat of Mr. Wickham Noakes. Situated on a high ridge, some five or six hundred feet above the sea-level, and surrounded with fine old timber, which completely screens the house from the road skirting the park, there are some of the fairest views from it which the heart could desire. The house, now much changed externally in appearance, is of great age, and was built considerably over five hundred years ago. During its existence it has passed through several proprietorships, and each has done something to improve and beautify not only the structure, but also the immediate surroundings. So far as can be traced, a Mr. William Coles, at one time the owner, altered the house materially, and subsequently sold it in 1805 to Mr. George Smith, M.P., brother to a former Lord Carrington. Mr. Smith, in his turn, added the present beautifully proportioned dining-room and built the luxurious library. After his death he was succeeded in 1836 by his son, who had a great fondness for planting, and it is due to this gentleman that so much fine timber is found upon the estate. The latter's two sons subsequently inherited the estate in their respective turns, namely, in 1869 and 1872, and both continued to improve the place during the short time in which they held possession. Upon the death of the second of these two sons, the property came to a daughter of the elder, and, she being a minor, the house was secured in 1874 for Bishop Thorold, then Bishop of Rochester.

This excellent prelate, who subsequently became Bishop of Winchester, was greatly beloved in his diocese, and it was his delight to invite many of his overworked clergy to visit and recruit their health at Selsdon Park. Here it was that perfect rest and peace could be found—the most bracing of air and everything to charm the eye. The house itself is large and most comfortable; the reception-rooms are extremely fine and beautifully decorated. From the Great Entrance-hall, the walls of which hold many ancient weapons, helmets, armour, stags'-heads, and other interesting things, the drawing-room is entered. This is of great length and contains a multitude of beautiful works of art. The lighting both of this room and the library is electric, the fittings being ingeniously hidden behind the moulding under the frieze. The dining-room is lighted by pendants near the ceiling, beneath which are suspended graceful metal plates, which, while

screening the light from the eye, illuminate the ceiling, causing a delightfully soft glow to be diffused. It would not be possible to give in detail an account of the numberless beautiful things which meet the eye in the reception-rooms, leading one out of the other, but all tend to create a harmonious whole.

The present billiard-room has a remarkably fine ceiling of the Tudor period, and while Bishop Thorold was in residence here he used the room as a chapel. Out of this leads the Winter Garden, its palms and foliage giving a charming effect to the room as it is seen through the large glass doors. The hall, amongst other things, possesses an interesting old fireplace, finely carved in dark oak. This fireplace came from the house of the regicide Bradshaw and is of fifteenth-century work. John Bradshaw was President of the High Court of Justice during the trial of Charles I., and was the first to put his hand to the death-warrant of the King.

The staircase is panelled in lighter oak, and winds up from the Great Hall; this is lighted by a large stone mullioned window, in which is some very fine stained glass. In addition to the many bedrooms, there is also one of the daintiest of boudoirs, full of rare china and bric-à-brac, and from its windows the aspect is delightful.

The house is long in shape and rather narrow, comparatively speaking. At one end there is a high tower, from which lovely views of undulating hills may be obtained. The opposite end of the house contains the kitchens, and, beyond, the stables are reached. Here there is accommodation for a large number of horses and carriages. The gardens are on a scale befitting the establishment, and contain many rare plants, in addition to the fruit-houses. The pleasure-grounds require to be seen to be fully appreciated, for it is not possible to express in words the effect of the vari-coloured beds, the sloping terraces, the cedars, the copper-beeches, and the exquisite tones of green of the winding, shady walks around the house. This beautiful home now belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Noakes, who have done endless things to beautify it. The park contains a charming cricket-ground; in the grounds there is a picturesque old water-tower, and near by, underneath the trees, an archway of the thirteenth century which came from the Monastery of Blackfriars. The shooting, which extends for some miles, is excellent, and both Mr. Wickham Noakes and his sons are first-rate shots and keen cricketers as well.

L. B. W.



Mr. Wickham Noakes.

Captain Willoughby.

Mr. W. N. Noakes.

A SHOOTING-PARTY AT SELSDON PARK.



BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



SELSDON PARK, NEAR CROYDON, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. WICKHAM NOAKES.



ROOK-SHOOTING IN THE GROUNDS.



THE ICE-HOUSE IN THE PARK.



## MR. GILBERT L. JESSOP,

THE MOST CONSISTENTLY RAPID SCORER IN THE HISTORY OF CRICKET.

MR. GILBERT L. JESSOP has long been famous in the world of cricket for his hitting prowess. Indeed, only a couple of weeks ago, when Mr. C. B. Fry and Mr. MacLaren played one of the most sensational innings ever seen at the historic ground of Lord's, one of the noted writers on the game could find no greater compliment than to compare them with Mr. Jessop, which he did in the following terms: "Whether or not the batsmen thought the time had come for fierce hitting, they went for the bowling in a way that scarcely anyone except Jessop could have surpassed."

On his last appearance on a London cricket-field—at the Oval in the Gentlemen and Players match—Mr. Jessop gave a brilliant display of his exceptional skill in this respect, for in his first innings he scored 31 out of his total of 40 in fourteen minutes.

This rapidity of scoring has been his characteristic ever since his entry into first-class cricket, as, indeed, it has been the consistent mark of his association with the game, which began at an early age, for, while still a boy of thirteen at the Cheltenham Grammar School, where he was educated, he was included in grown-up matches. Some of his noteworthy scores have been 101 for Gloucester against Yorkshire in 40 minutes, and 233 for the Rest of England against Yorkshire in 150 minutes. At Brighton, in a Gloucester v. Sussex match, he made 286 in 170 minutes; while on other occasions, playing for Gloucester against Yorkshire he made 63 in 28 minutes, 67 in 35 minutes, for the Gentlemen against the Players at Lord's in 1897, and 42 in 15 minutes playing for Cambridge against Oxford in that year. In 1900 he made 157 against the West Indians in an hour, a feat which, if not absolutely a record, approaches very near it. In that season, too, he made over two thousand runs and took a hundred wickets, a feat which has been equalled only by Mr. C. L. Townsend.

While he thus consistently scores at an extraordinary rate, there are times when he can play as slowly and as doggedly as the next man. An example of this was shown in a match at Nottingham, when, playing for Gloucester, he was at the wickets for 35 minutes and scored only 15.

It happened, however, that Mr. Jessop was not in very good form when he was on the other side of the Atlantic, for only on two occasions did he get more than fifty runs. Still, he did materially help to win the second Test Match played against the Philadelphians, for he scored more than sixty runs and took nine wickets. What the Americans would have said of him had he been in form it is difficult to imagine. If his batting was not up to his own level, however, his bowling was, for he practically headed the averages, and his fielding was consistently brilliant. In one of those matches he did some exceptional pieces of fielding which resulted in running out many members of the team. At last, "Sammy" Woods looked up and said, quietly, to him, as another of the opposing team went back to the Pavilion, "Another rabbit gone back to hutch"—a "rabbit" being the cricketer's slang for a poor player.

Everyone interested in cricket will also remember that, four years ago, Mr. Jessop captained the Cambridge Club in the inter-University match, in which he played for four seasons. His career was decidedly unusual, if not actually unique, for he was a schoolmaster for five years at Burford before he went to the University. At Burford he played in all the local matches, and used consistently to get his thousand runs and take a hundred wickets during the season. The result of his admitted excellence was that he was invited to play for Gloucester, in 1894, and it was two years after his appearance in County Cricket that he went to Cambridge. In the Freshmen's match at the University he made over a hundred, so that he was assured of his "blue." His

début for Gloucester was made under dramatic circumstances. His county was playing against Lancashire, and Mold had bowled Dr. E. M. Grace and Mr. Francis with successive balls. Another wicket and the bowler would have performed the "hat-trick." "W. G.," who was at the time Captain of the Gloucester team, sent in Mr. Jessop in order to prevent this and the demoralising effect which such a feat inevitably has on the batsmen. Mr. Jessop proved himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him, for he not only did what was required, but he made 28 out of a total of 103 for which the side was out, and won the enthusiastic praise of "W. G."

So far, in all sorts of cricket, Mr. Jessop has made no fewer than seventy-three centuries, while his highest score was the 286 at Brighton before referred to, and his highest not-out score is 219. Splendid as are these records, however, his best performance on the cricket-field occurred last year in the Test Match against Australia at Kennington Oval. That, indeed, is regarded

as the most remarkable match in the whole of the Oval's history of cricket. The wicket was very bad, and the English team needed 260 to win. Before the innings started, it seemed an absolute impossibility, and the only question was by how many would they be beaten. When five of the best wickets had fallen—MacLaren, Palaret, Tyldesley, Hayward, and Braund were all out for less than fifty—the odds were greatly in favour of a terrible defeat. Then Mr. Jessop joined Mr. Jackson, and they made a stand, putting on over a hundred before they were parted. Finally, Hirst went in, and, instead of being beaten, England won by one wicket, amid a scene of the wildest enthusiasm.

At one time Mr. Jessop had thoughts of going into the Church. While he was at the University and playing for his county, he had to go down to Cheltenham to try some young players. He accordingly wrote to an aunt of his to tell her of his coming, adding, in cricket parlance, that he was going to "try some colts," for his aunt is greatly interested in cricket and is quite conversant with all cricketing expressions. Staying with her at the time was a great friend whose cricketing education was deficient. When the letter was read aloud, she exclaimed, "I was exceedingly sorry to hear that Gilbert was giving up the idea of going into the Church, but now I am still more sorry to hear that he is going in for horse-dealing!"

At Cheltenham, while playing for Gloucester, Mr. Jessop had

a decidedly curious experience. He was batting with "W. G.," when he hit a ball hard. H. B. Daft, the one-time famous cricketer, was fielding with the sun straight in his eyes, and did not see the ball. It went past him. Standing in just the same relation to the sun was another man who was wearing a hard felt-hat. He, too, did not see the ball, which hit him on the top of the hat and bounded off. Only the hardness of the material probably saved him from a very serious accident, and though offered to name his price, he declared that he would not take five pounds for the hat.

Perhaps one of the most amusing incidents which ever happened in a cricketer's career occurred during the season of 1900. Mr. Jessop had been playing at Bradford against Yorkshire, and had knocked up a score of over two hundred. He was going to Huddersfield after the game, and a porter was taking his cricket-bag to the train. It was a large bag, and a little local cricketer, noticing it, concluded it must belong to a player of some importance. He went up to the porter, and said, "Whose bag is that?" "Mr. Jessop's," replied the porter. The player looked up and exclaimed, "Rub it against mine, lad!" He probably believed there was some magical power in the bag that would make him get runs, too.



"BOUNDARY!"

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

L.—MR. GILBERT L. JESSOP.



"THAT WAS A GOOD INNINGS OF CHARLES FRY'S YESTERDAY."



"WILL YOU HAVE A CIGAR? NO, I MUSTN'T. LET ME FLEE FROM TEMPTATION—"



"—TO THE CRICKET-GROUND. I FIND THAT WE ARE IN THE FIELD."



"IT'S A LITTLE IRREGULAR, BUT YOU CAN BRING YOUR CAMERA ALONG IF YOU CARE TO RISK IT."



"SO MUCH FOR OUR FOES. NOW, I MUST HAVE TEN MINUTES' AT THE NETS."



"I MADE 3000 RUNS WITH THIS OLD BAT LAST SEASON. PRAY THAT THE OMEN BE FULFILLED."



THE WINNING HIT.



"STUMPED, BY JUPITER!"



"THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN!"



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I READ that our home seaside places are suffering more and more from foreign competition. Some have forgotten the really good seasons of ten years ago. Brittany and Normandy in France, Ostend in Belgium, Scheveningen in Holland serve to draw hundreds and thousands of the people who were wont to look no farther than the shores of Kent and Sussex in the South, or Lancashire and Yorkshire in the North. In spite of this, I cannot find any genuine endeavour to improve the home conditions. I will say nothing of the hotels, except that the best are beyond the reach of the man with moderate income and large family, and the rest are dear at any price. Nor will I criticise the houses that let suites of rooms at prices for which one could secure accommodation in the best hotels of Rome or Vienna. People can always find some accommodation suited to their purses, if not quite to their requirements: the one thing they want is some bright entertainment. Music is recognised as a necessity by all seaside Town Councils. Why, then, is the average seaside orchestra so bad? With half-a-dozen notable exceptions, there are no really good orchestras at our seaside places—the average team is a collection of “throw-outs,” with a repertoire of the cheapest, silliest music. Men or women who care for music, or understand it, are bound to keep away from the seaside orchestra, and, as it always has the most prominent position in the place, they soon learn to avoid the neighbourhood. With bright music, a gay *plage*, and countless little hotels where accommodation is cheap and good, the Continent gains on us apace—an excellent thing for cosmopolitan development, but a bad thing for our own seaside places.

The correspondence dealing with City clerks as agriculturists will convince everybody, with the exception of the people who know anything about country life. Happily for the ardent letter-writers, these knowing ones are in the minority. Some wise person has discovered that rural England, lacking labourers all the year round, is more than ever pressed at harvest-time. Now, at harvest-time hundreds and thousands of the younger and less prosperous citizens of London and other big towns are taking holiday. “Let them go on to the land,” says the wise person, “help the harvesting, and get, in return for their labour, board, lodging, and wages from the delighted farmer.” I wonder if the wise person ever read a little story by

the late William Morris. It is called “The King’s Lesson,” and sets out the adventures of the King and his nobles who went to work on the land and bade the peasants rest. In the first hour the noble party did as much as the peasants could do in two hours; their second hour yielded less than a full hour’s result; the third yielded no more than a few minutes’ worth. Then the party stopped, angry and wise and sad. It would be the same with young men accustomed to the humdrum life of a big city. They would be of little or no use to any farmer: in some cases they would do more harm than good; few would be worth board and lodging to their master, and I would back the average farmer’s lad, who earns ten or twelve shillings a-week in harvest-time, to do more work than two of the average City men whose sedentary occupations have put all their muscles to sleep.

Now that the old Gaiety Theatre is a thing of the past, and even the vendors of reminiscences have ceased from troubling, I wonder why no industrious scribe sits down to record the list of additions to the ranks of the Peerage and the rolls of the “landed gentry” for which the great house of burlesque was directly responsible. I could make out a fair record, but I shrink from doing so because I am well aware that it would not be a complete one; in the most competent hands, however, the roll would be a long one, calculated to make Messrs. John Hollingshead and George Edwardes feel that they will have a voice in the destinies of their country many years after they have departed from it, through the medium of the House of Lords. While some of the matches made in the Temple of the Sacred Lamp have been popularly known, others have been kept very quiet indeed—I don’t know why. If a Peer marries the daughter of a gentleman from the United States whose antecedents are far more dubious than his wealth, nothing is said save by way of congratulation; while if he marries a lady from the stage, who is nearly always the daughter or near relative of a clergyman, the match gives rise to irrelevant remarks. When I was watching “The Linkman” the other night, and recalling the favourites I have seen on the Gaiety stage since the days when I used to save my pocket-money at boarding-school to pay visits *sub rosa* to the Gaiety in the holidays, I wondered that the number of the successful match-makers is not larger.



LADY MARY: That is the second time Mr. Bultitude has absolutely cut us!  
LADY LILIAN: Disgraceful! And I gave him such a sweet smile!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

FOR LANGUOROUS LONDONERS: III.—HYDE PARK.



ONE OF LONDON'S BEAUTIFUL OASES.



THE PALM DELL.

*Photographs by H. N. King, London. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")*



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IT is late in the day to comment on the Pension List, and, on the whole, there is little to be said in criticism. Mr. Justin McCarthy well deserves his £250, and it was a gracious action to confer it. I venture to suggest, however, that it is high time the offensive phrase about straitened circumstances were left out. It is harsh, humbling, and unnecessary. It ought to be said, also, that literary and professional men who have been for many years in the enjoyment of good incomes ought to make provision for their wives and daughters. Even if they cannot make a satisfactory provision, they can, at least, set them above want. There are few more difficult situations than that of a University Professor's wife and family when he dies penniless. But University Professors are nowadays well paid, especially in Scotland, and they, like the rest of us, ought to know the precariousness of life.

In reading Mr. Bodley's clever and individual book on the Coronation, a book permeated by the spirit of the dominating classes, it is impossible not to feel that literature and its Professors count for very little under the new reign. In the matter of State recognition they are simply nowhere. It might have been supposed that the great men of letters in this country, men whose names will be remembered when all the statesmen are forgotten, would have received invitations to the Coronation ceremony. But after diligent perusal of Mr. Bodley's lists I cannot find them. The consolation is that, as things could not possibly be worse, there may be a turn for the better.

One by one cherished illusions are scattered by facts. The quest for infallibility becomes more and more arduous. I have always believed Mr. Austin Dobson to be one of the very few literary historians who could be absolutely trusted. He confines himself to one period, and he is a most minute, exact, and conscientious student. In the course of much turning-over of his books I have never found an absolute blunder. But Mr. W. J. Lawrence seems to have found one. Mr. Dobson says, in common with other writers, that Peg Woffington's first appearance in England was made at Covent Garden on Nov. 6, 1740. Mr. Lawrence, however, shows that she made her début at the Haymarket eight years previously. He gives an advertisement from the *Daily Post* of Monday, Sept. 4, 1732, which announces a performance of "The Beggar's Opera," with Miss Woffington in the bill. She undertook three rôles, appearing as Macheath, Mrs. Peachum, and Mrs. Diana Trapes. So Peg Woffington was first of a long line of future Captain Macheaths, extending down

to within living memory. The period in Peg Woffington's life between her departure for her native city and her return to London in 1740 is one of which very little is known.

Sir Charles Dilke's unmistakable contributions to the *Athenæum* are among the liveliest and best-informed articles in that journal. He contributes a very racy review of Mr. Bodley's Coronation book, a review which for more than one reason is specially interesting.

Mr. Bodley makes the startling statement that "Two years after Napoleon arrived at St. Helena, a Bonaparte, his infant nephew, was within measurable distance of becoming heir-presumptive to the British Crown." His critic declares that this statement is most moderately expressed, and, indeed, well within the mark. "There are few who remember that the wife of King Jerome remained a Protestant, and, not being disqualified by religion under the Act of Settlement, bore a son before the birth of 'Plon-Plon,' and of the Imperial Princess still living, Princess Mathilde: 'On the death of Princess Charlotte, actuarial calculations were made which presaged the accession of foreigners to the throne in less than twenty-one years. These fears were allayed by the birth, in 1819, of several grandchildren to George III.'"

Miss J. L. Gilder, the accomplished Editor of the *New York Critic*, returns to the well-worn theme of the stress and strain of literary life. Miss Gilder admits that there is strain in journalism, owing to the extreme precariousness of the journalist's position: "It is the most precarious position in the world. You are here to-day and gone to-morrow. You may be with a newspaper twenty-five years, and you may not be with it for twenty-five hours. The knowledge is of itself a strain." But Miss Gilder does not believe that there is strain for the successful book-writer: "It seems to me there is nothing more ideal than the life of a successful author. Take our successful

novelists, for instance. If they do not try to do too much, they must have a fairly easy time. They have their ills, but I do not think they are brought on by their work." The strain in the novelist's life arises from the difficulty of maintaining his popularity. Novelists usually begin young, and publish at least one book a-year, and probably two books. By the time they are forty they have, perhaps, published twenty novels. If they retain their hold upon the public, all is well. Many of them do; some of them even increase it. Mr. Marion Crawford is a conspicuous instance.

O. O.



G. L. STAMPA.

THE PROFESSIONAL HAYMAKER.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

## THE POETS'

## CORNER.

## THE TREES.

By ETHEL CLIFFORD.

I was once a Dryad, long ago:  
 In the trees I love I held my house.  
 Then I read the writing on the stems,  
 Then I understood the singing boughs.

Still, because I was a Dryad once,  
 Is for me the leaves' song half revealed;  
 Still my spirit hears the forest prayers,  
 Knows the dreams the sleeping branches yield.

I can hear, for I was Dryad once,  
 Through the storm, the trees in battle call;  
 Faint and far my spirit seems to hear  
 All the trees in all the forests fall.

Ah, I was a Dryad long ago:  
 Naught I knew of sorrow, naught of fear;  
 For the gladness that my heart knew there  
 Still I hold the singing branches dear.

## ROSES.

By NORA CHESSON.

Long have the roses stayed in doubt,  
 But now there is no more delay.  
 Who cares for rain? Who fears a cloud  
 With lightning fringed, with thunder loud?  
 The bush that only wore the green  
 Lets all her crimson buds be seen;  
 The flowerless hedge of yesterday  
 Is blossomed so that none dare flout  
 Her thorns with roses set about;  
 In gardens roseless all through May,  
 Where ne'er a daisy dares to sprout,  
 On climbing branch and stretching spray  
 A spate of roses rushes out.

Roses on roses; bush and tree  
 Break into lovely rivalry.  
 High overhead and up the wall  
 Maréchal roses climb and fall:  
 Amber and primrose, sulphur, cream,  
 Topaz and gold—all yellows seen  
 In uplands where they come to glean  
 Or in a miser's golden dream  
 The Crimson Ramblers reach along  
 To where the Seven-sisters throng,  
 To meet the splendid Jacqueminots  
 And frail Desirée's scented snows.  
 June, with her cuckoo's changing song,  
 Calls rose on rose.

## A FAIRY TALE.

By GORDON MEGGY.

Long, long ago, on a summer's night,  
 The Fairies held a fête:  
 The King of the Gnomes and his men were there,  
 And the Fairies came trooping from everywhere,  
 While the Queen was present in state.

For the Fairy Princess was just three years old,  
 And amid the frolic and fun,  
 In full view of the Fairies wherever they went,  
 She lay on a couch 'neath a gossamer tent  
 That four great spiders had spun.

So they danced in circles all over the glade,  
 Shouting and laughing with glee,  
 Or raced to the riverside, hand in hand,  
 While each little elf in the merry band  
 Was happy as happy could be.

And the Gnome King, when they were out of breath,  
 Sent to the mushroom-beds;  
 And, all in a moment, a dear little seat  
 Sprang up, on his word, at each Fairy's feet,  
 With a parasol over their heads.

And while they were resting, the nightingale came  
 To sing them his beautiful lays;  
 And all of them shouted and cheered for more  
 Till the hubbub was greater than ever before,  
 And the nightingale blushed at such praise.

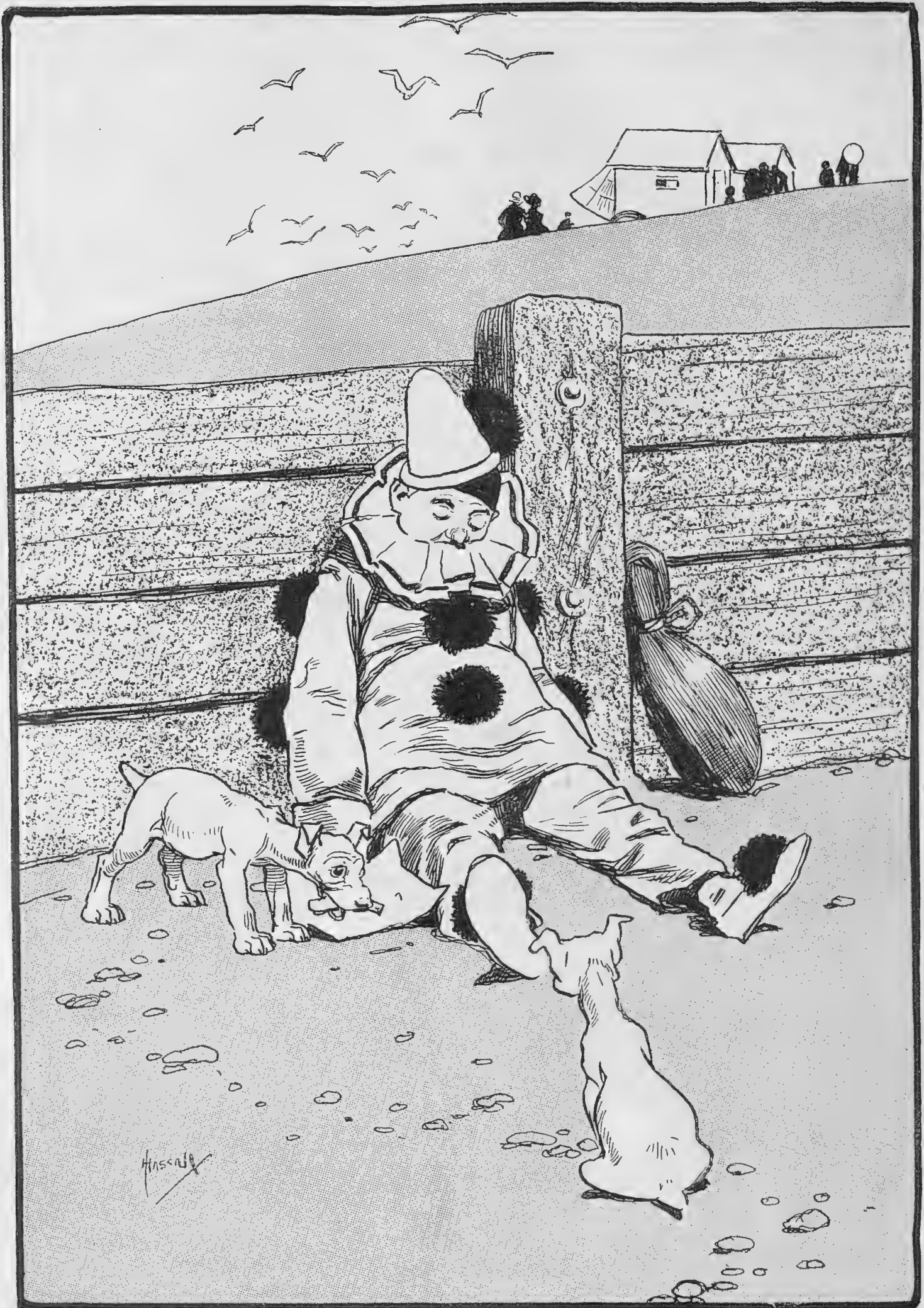
But a cross old owl, in a barn close by,  
 Was disturbed from his midnight rest,  
 So he pounced, in his rage, on the Fairy Princess,  
 And, seizing the hem of her gossamer dress,  
 He carried her off to his nest.

Then the nightingale flew to the distant woods  
 To lodge a complaint with the lark  
 That the owl had behaved in a scandalous way;  
 And that's why he daren't show his face in the day,  
 But only comes out after dark.

But it broke the heart of the Fairy Queen,  
 While the King of the Gnomes, it appears,  
 Sobs in his palace of earth till it shakes,  
 And every morn when the world awakes  
 It is wet with the Fairies' tears.







COMEDY AND TRAGEDY: A SEASIDE STUDY.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



"OUGHT I TO WAIT?" A SEASIDE PROBLEM.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



## LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

BY GUNNING KING.



IX.—"THE DANCE ON THE GREEN."

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## SIR HUMPHREY POTTER'S FIRST LOVE.

By HAROLD OHLSON.



wife. Some of these had daughters. They were only anxious for the dear girls' happiness. No one, however, cared to speak to him on such subjects as love and marriage. He would have thought them frivolous.

He was never frivolous.

It was only possible to interest him in serious matters; business transactions for preference; politics, on which he had decided views, in his lighter moods. It was difficult to conceive of him as a lover. His tall, portly form seemed always to require about it the red mahogany and shining leather of his office. Laughter, while in conversation with Sir Humphrey, seemed out of place. It was, said an irreverent person, as the crackling of thorns under a Potter.

Mrs. Latimer had described him as "portentous." She owned that the exact meaning of the word had escaped her for the moment, but she had an inner consciousness that it contained an exact description, and she was not to be moved by any dictionary person.

He was a self-made man. That was evident. No one else would have troubled to make him. However, he stated the fact constantly.

He was enormously rich, and had obtained a knighthood by judicious philanthropy. He did not pay large salaries to his clerks, but when a fund was started at the Mansion House he pressed nobly to the front. Pressing nobly to the front—people can see you when you are there—had made him what he was: Sir Humphrey Potter.

Young ladies had been wont to call him, in the course of private conversation, "a fat, pompous beast." The course of private conversation does not always run smoothly. Now, he was "dear Sir Humphrey."

He was on the market. He had wealth and a title, although the goods were a little shop-soiled.

It was on a beautiful, warm morning in July that Sir Humphrey cautiously lifted one lath of his bedroom blind and peered out. He was not anxious to be seen. He was a man of great dignity of presence (his tailor, to whom he paid cash, had often told him so), but he felt he did not look his best at that particular time. His hair fell in a fringe over his forehead—which did not suit him—and his face shone with the perspiration engendered by a hot July night. It also required the refining touch of a razor. The fat, frowsy man in the long white shirt (he clung to the old fashions), with big, bare feet and rumpled hair, was as ridiculous and unpleasant to the eye as Sir Humphrey Potter, an hour later, would be dignified and imposing.

It was not for the purpose of observing the beauties of Nature that he thus delayed his toilet, but rather that he might watch Miss Latimer, the daughter of his old friend and present host, and her cousin Clarissa, who were walking in the garden. They were enjoying the fresh morning air: Clarissa for the sake of the thousand delicate scents that mingled with it and the sweet, glad song of the birds; Miss Latimer chiefly for the sake of her complexion. She did not care much for the songs of the birds; she preferred music from the comic operas. And as for the delicate scents of the waking flowers—She had been known to purchase patchouli.

Miss Latimer's whole attention was at that period of her existence engrossed by her numerous love-affairs. Her talk was of young men. Her great purpose was to obtain a husband; if young and handsome, so much the better, but the only indispensable adjunct was wealth. She was little, plump, and pretty, with beautiful eyes that she could use effectively on very young men. These walked with her, talked with her (she would giggle at remarks that should have been received with a cold silence), and flirted with her. She would allow an arm to steal round her waist if her parents were not about. It was significant that the owner of the arm was equally willing to remove it should they appear. The young men did not propose a permanent engagement. They thought her "good fun." A man rarely marries a girl he thinks "good fun."

She was called "Flo." It seemed a necessary consequence. There are many noble, stately women in the world named Florence, but it would seem an insult to address them as "Flo." However, the name suited Miss Latimer to perfection.

And Clarissa?

A tall, slender girl, bearing herself with a natural grace and dignity that little Flo, push herself out and pull herself in as she might, could never imitate. Madame X. of Bond Street may make a figure well, but she cannot rule its movements. Nature can do both. But, then, she has had more experience.

Miss Latimer's young-men friends (she called them "the boys") thought her cousin Clarissa stuck-up. They told each other so. But a smile from her would have brought any one of them to her feet. To be favoured of one whom all the others consider stuck-up and stand-offish appeals strongly to masculine vanity. Besides, she was really beautiful, and as nice as a girl who loves to be a lady always is to a man who loves to be a gentleman. But she could not be considered "good fun."

When the two girls disappeared along the path that led down to the river, Sir Humphrey dropped the lath of the blind and proceeded to build up his dignity of presence.

He had made up his mind. He would marry Clarissa.

The preceding years of his life had been devoted to his business, and he had scarcely ventured into feminine society. But now he felt entitled to show some relaxation of his efforts, and had decided that he must bring a wife to the palatial home he had built in a London suburb, and that she must be beautiful, just as he had bought beautiful furniture to adorn it. He did not anticipate any difficulty. He could pay the bill.

It was a curious coincidence—that is to say, it may have been a coincidence—that Mr. Latimer said to him, as they smoked a cigar together after breakfast that morning—

"You ought to marry, Potter."

"Well, I can't say I haven't thought of it," answered Sir Humphrey. "I feel at times I want something to cheer me up—to take my thoughts off the work when I'm at home."

He spoke as if he intended to buy a banjo.

"You want to find the right girl, and then you'll never regret it. And you won't make a mistake—that ain't your way, we all know, Potter."

Sir Humphrey had money in Mr. Latimer's business.

"You can hardly realise," continued Mr. Latimer, "the rest and pleasure a tired man can find in woman's talk, if it's lively and chatty."

Here Mr. Latimer artistically lost himself in reverie, emerging presently with a sigh.

"How I shall miss my daughter Flo when she gets married! So bright and jolly—such a capital companion! We're always together."



The feelings of a doting parent had carried him away. He was not always with his daughter. She saw to that.

"It needs consideration, Latimer," said Sir Humphrey, and then, a little abruptly, turned the conversation to other topics.

But by lunch-time Mr. Latimer had calculated to a nicety the minimum cost of the transfer of his daughter Flo to Sir Humphrey Potter. He would, he decided, strongly advise a quiet wedding (Had not Flo's aunt died within the year?), but he had strong misgivings that that young lady would like the thing done in style. She would be sure that dear Auntie would not wish any difference to be made.

In the afternoon Sir Humphrey sat with Miss Latimer on the lawn, until she suggested the summer-house by the river as being the coolest, darlinest place, and providing awful fun watching the people in the boats.

"They're all in love with each other, and so funny to watch! Do come, dear Sir Humphrey!"

Clarissa had been sent to the shops to match wool for Mrs. Latimer. Mr. Latimer had thought the walk would do her good.

The thermometer registered eighty degrees in the shade.

Sir Humphrey passed the time pleasantly by instructing his companion in the method of making money on the Stock Exchange. She understood everything, so wonderfully did he explain things.

She said so.

He had endeavoured to enlarge Clarissa's mind on the same subject on the day previous. She had not understood him. Sir Humphrey had no doubt of that.

She had made a foolish remark to the effect that she preferred the methods of burglars. They, at least, took their chance of getting caught by a policeman or shot by the man they were robbing.

In the evening, when the moon was just clear of the tree-tops, Clarissa walked down to the river to meet her cousin. It was at the urgent request of that young lady she did so.

"I've promised Gus to go for a moonlight row, but Pa must think you're with me. He don't mind my being late, then," she had said, as they left the dinner-table. "Be sure you're there at nine, so that we can come in together, and *don't* let Pa see you alone."

So, while Pa sipped his port in after-dinner contentment, Clarissa wandered in the rose-garden and dreamt of the lover that was to come.

She did not dream of the lover that was coming.

Sir Humphrey finished his cigar and then went out into the garden. Mr. Latimer said to the sharer of his joys and sorrows—but not his port—that he hoped Clarissa would have the sense to come in. Her health was too delicate for the night-air.

It was a maxim of Sir Humphrey's that, when your mind was made up to a certain course, it was best to act promptly. He went in search of Clarissa.

He came behind her as she stood on the bank of the silver river, lost in sweet dreaming. The soft, white evening-gown, made in the quaint, beautiful fashion of a past generation, showed the lines of her graceful figure.

She would look well surrounded by the ancient carved-oak furniture he had bought in Tottenham Court Road.

He was standing at her side before she recognised his presence. He looked very big and imposing in his evening-clothes. A large diamond sparkled in his shirt-front. Was this the lover of her dreams?

When he had business in hand, it was not Sir Humphrey's custom to beat about the bush. After remarking on the beauty of the evening—so much was customary even in strictly business conversation—he asked her if she would be his wife.

For a moment she did not reply. Sir Humphrey recognised the fact that she was very beautiful and that loveliness and the moonlight threw him a little off his balance. He felt he wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her. The matter was getting beyond the strict régime of business.

He had never wanted to kiss anyone before.

It could, of course, be only a matter of minutes—a little maiden hesitation—before he had the right to do so.

Minutes? Clarissa was speaking—

"Do you know my father, Sir Humphrey?"

"No, I have not that pleasure."

He anticipated no trouble in that quarter. Was he not Sir Humphrey Potter?

"I think you will not—cannot—renew this proposal when I tell you that—that—"

"Yes?" urged Sir Humphrey, as Clarissa paused.

"He is in prison," she said, in a voice scarcely audible, and turning herself away from him.

"In prison?" gasped Sir Humphrey.

There was silence. A faint breath stirred the rushes and died away again. A wakeful corncrake creaked once and then subsided, as if he were alarmed by the noise he made in that great stillness.

Sir Humphrey was thinking. He could not decide on the instant what he should do. But the moonlight still exercised its power over him. He still wanted to kiss her.

He was grateful for the interruption that occurred before he was compelled to speak again. Miss Latimer came through the trees and burst on them breathlessly.

"Oh, I'm afraid it's awfully late, but—why, Sir Humphrey, I didn't see you! I've been to post a letter."

Miss Latimer believed the truth to be anything you could make people believe.

Sir Humphrey had only one more opportunity of speaking privately to Clarissa that evening (Flo Latimer's powers of conversation were wonderful). That he utilised by whispering, "I should like to renew our—er—conversation in the morning."

Clarissa made no reply.

Sir Humphrey retired early that night, anxious for solitude, that he might consider the situation. He wanted this girl, and he was accustomed to have what he wanted. But the daughter of a felon? People would find it out, and the respectability that was his dearest possession—being an important factor in his business—would be seriously imperilled.

But he wanted Clarissa.

He tossed and turned on his bed, trying to make up his mind what to do. The father would one day—he thought, sorrowfully—get out of prison, and he, Sir Humphrey Potter, would be compelled to acknowledge him. He wondered what crime the man had committed. Forgery, probably; perhaps worse.

But he wanted Clarissa.

Latimer should have told him; it was monstrous to have introduced him to this girl without a word as to her father's disgrace. She was, he supposed, living on the charity of the Latimers. There would be a taint of crime in her blood, and perhaps, if he married her, it would appear in her children. The thought was horrible.

But he wanted Clarissa.

When, at last, he fell asleep, he had almost made up his mind to marry her. It was characteristic that he did not once consider her wishes in the matter. He was rich. He believed money to be all-powerful. The hand that signs the cheque rules the world. He was confident of it.

But when he awoke in the morning, he found his love much less obtrusive and his business instincts predominant. Sentiment had faded with the moonlight.

He wondered how he could have hesitated. Such a marriage was impossible. He must tell Clarissa so at the first opportunity. The news should be broken gently—it would necessarily be a sad blow to the girl, but there must be no doubt left in her mind. If was impossible she could be his wife.

"I am very distressed, very distressed indeed, to learn you are in such an unfortunate position," he said, when the opportunity came; "but you must see, of course, that, under the circumstances, I cannot repeat the offer I made yesterday evening, an offer that I should not have—that is to say, had I been informed, as I should have been, of the circumstances, I should not have—er—put us both in this painful position."

Sir Humphrey spoke at civic banquets.

"I hope you will let—er—by-gones be by-gones, and remember me as a friend."

Clarissa heard his speech to the end in silence. She had expected it. Now it was her turn. She had long ago realised the perfect self-conceit of the man. He had thought that she was ready to throw herself into his arms, should he choose to open them. She had decided that to be tricked and deceived by a girl would be an invaluable lesson to him.

She was only acting for his good.

She raised her eyes and looked at him steadily.

Then she told him that her father was indeed in a prison. He had been there nearly all his life. It was one of the largest and most important prisons in England.

He was the Governor of it.



# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



"THE closure season has commenced!" is the cry that one meets with now in theatrical circles, so many theatres, West-End and suburban, having now put up their shutters until the early autumn. For example, Drury Lane closed a few days ago (Sir Henry Irving having to go on tour), to re-open on or

about Sept. 17 with Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new drama, for which Mr. Arthur Collins is already preparing some extra-special scenic and other "effects." Sir Charles Wyndham has just closed Wyndham's Theatre, which will, however, if all goes well, be re-opened, just as we are going to press, by Mr. Frank Curzon with Mr. Hugh Morton's new comedy, "Glittering Gloria." Mrs. Patrick Campbell, at the moment of writing, thinks of finishing her latest London season at the New Theatre next Saturday. On the same evening, Mr. Tom B. Davis will (if present arrangements hold good) close the Lyric for some three weeks in order to carry out certain "alterations and repairs" in the musical play entitled "The Medal and the Maid." In addition to the above "closures," I may add those of the Métropole, the Brixton, the Alexandra (Stoke Newington), the Elephant and Castle, and the Grand, Fulham. All these, however, will re-open on August Bank Holiday.

Mr. Curzon's production at Wyndham's, "Glittering Gloria," is a new comedy by the librettist of "The Belle of New York." The principal characters of this piece, which was just now going very strong at the dress-rehearsal, are respectively named Zebedee Poskett (Mr. James Welch), Archie Toddleby (Mr. Lawrence Grossmith), Algernon

having cancelled his American tour until next year, he will commence a fine series of provincial engagements at Blackpool on Sept. 7; also that he will return to the St. James's early next year, after Mr. Willard has finished his St. James's season, which starts on Aug. 31 with Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker's powerful Roman drama, "The Cardinal."

Mr. Alexander takes on tour that dainty and delightful German comedy, "Old Heidelberg," and that picturesque drama of Old Paris, "If I were King." While on tour, Mr. Alexander may, he tells me, try, preparatory to bringing them to the St. James's, English adaptations of "Les Affaires sont les Affaires" and "Rosenmontag." The first-named play will have the only striking English title that can be given it—that is to say, "Business is Business." The German play will in all probability be called "Love's Carnival."

At the moment of writing, I learn that arrangements have just been definitely concluded whereby Messrs. H. E. Moss and Co., Limited, will run a sort of London Hippodrome in New York, exchanging each Hippodrome's special "turns" and "acts" from time to time.

I have already stated that when Miss Marie Tempest returns from her forthcoming American tour she will permanently settle down at the Avenue, which Mr. Frank Curzon will thoroughly renovate for her, and that she will commence proceedings with a new American-made drama written by Mr. Paul Kester and entitled "When Knighthood was in Flower." I have now to add that Miss Tempest has secured another play, also, apparently, of American extraction. Its present title is "A Japanese Nightingale," and under that title it was copyrighted a few weeks ago.

New theatres continue to be designed for sundry parts of this great Metropolis. Within the last few days I learn that, in addition to the threatened new theatre in Rupert Street—which playhouse is to be run by that Man of Many Theatres, Mr. Charles Frohman—new theatres are being designed for building at Hither Green, and near a certain



MISS CLARITA VIDAL,  
PLAYING IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL," AT THE  
PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Entwhistle (Mr. Granville Barker), and Mr. Griddletop, Third Assistant Superintendent of Luggage at Euston Station (Mr. Lennox Pawle). The chief episodes, I find, occur respectively at a fashionable jeweller's emporium in Bond Street, at Glittering Gloria's Flat, and at the aforesaid Third Assistant Luggage Superintendent's Office at Euston. Miss Dorothy Drake, as the "Glittering" Girl, and Miss Dora Barton, as Mrs. Jack James, have excellent characters, and much histrionic art is expected from a canine comedian who plays "An Earnest Bulldog."

At the moment of going to press, Mr. Martin Harvey writes me from Sheringham (where he is engaged in ozone-catching) that not only has he now settled all the details for his forthcoming provincial tour, but he has also decided to include in his repertory for that tour one of the greatest of Shaksperian plays. This is, in point of fact, "Romeo and Juliet," and Mr. Harvey will himself enact the character of young Montague. Juliet will be impersonated by a great London favourite, whose name I must not yet mention, as it would haply interfere with certain of her present arrangements. But, of course, there is no law to prohibit your guessing.

The other plays in Mr. Martin Harvey's repertory will include that ever-welcome drama, "The Only Way"; Mr. Charles Hannan's clever adaptation of Mr. Marion Crawford's touching story, "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance"; and a new seventeenth-century drama, at present entitled: "The Breed of the Treshams." The last-named title sounds quite G. P. R. James-like, doesn't it?

After Mr. Harvey's provincial engagements, he will start another American tour under the direction of Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, husband of the great American actress, Minnie Maddern Fiske, and proprietor of the New York *Dramatic Mirror*.

Mr. George Alexander, whom I found in his artistically appointed dressing-room at the St. James's clearing up sundry matters appertaining to his just-closed highly successful season, tells me that;

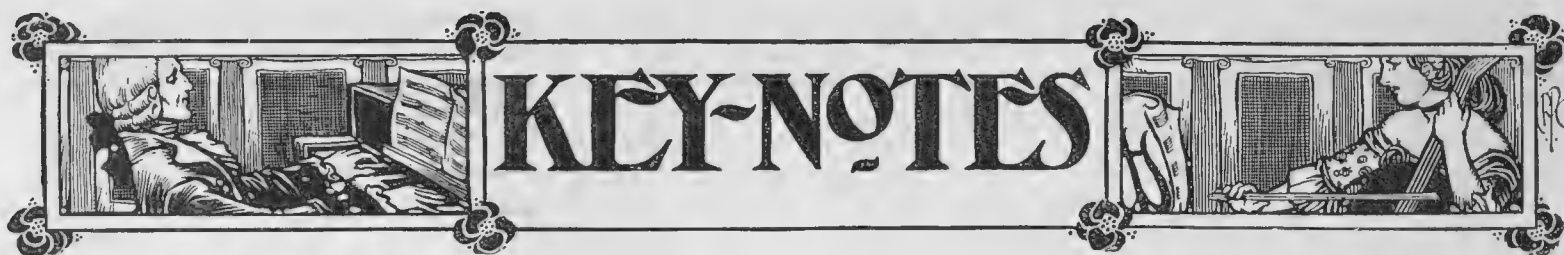


MISS ROSA LIND, OF THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

busy station on the "Tube." I do *not* mean at Shepherd's Bush, where Mr. Oswald Stoll is putting up a huge new variety theatre, in addition to being hard at work at his new and still vaster Colosseum in St. Martin's Lane and Chandos Street.





THERE is always an element of sadness in the waning of the opera season. However separate may be the elements that go to the making of a really successful season, this much is certain, that with the passage of weeks the thing becomes a habit to one constantly engaged in criticism, and, as is the case with every habit, one gives it up with very genuine reluctance. Passing by this somewhat sentimental point of view, one may add definitely that the season is over. It is a curious habit of those in command at Covent Garden to flick at us (if the expression may be used) a novelty just at the end, at the expiring moment, of the season's work. Therefore the announcement that the first production of an opera entitled "Maguelone" comes at the very end of the season need not surprise us. The programme that had been arranged for July 20 was strange and wonderful indeed. Besides the opera to which reference has been made, there was announced to be given the third Act of "Manon" and the fourth Act of "La Favorita." This last selection seems to have been made chiefly to exploit the virtues of Signor Bonci's voice, who, one may say, has come into his kingdom with a great rush just within the last few days of the expiring season.

Signor Bonci is, one may be permitted to think, the only Don Ottavio of the present generation who has made the part distinguished, and, it may even be said, important. Indeed, Mozart made the part difficult enough, in all conscience, by allotting to it some of the most difficult passages of musical phraseology that ever occurred even to his agile and versatile brain. Very few tenors indeed give one a sense of satisfaction when they have finished such a song as "Il mio Tesoro"; but Signor Bonci came through the trial triumphantly, and thoroughly deserved all the applause which he received.

It is to be said also of this performance of "Don Giovanni" that M. Renaud, as the Don, was quite magnificent: he sang well and he acted with just the devil-may-care spirit which Mozart understood so well in music and which—to make a comparison—Byron understood so well in letters. Mdle. Pacquot, Madame Suzanne Adams, Mdle. Zélie de Lussan, M. Journet, and others contributed most felicitously towards the success of a really exceptional interpretation. The opera was conducted by Signor Mancinelli. However, one has a real grievance to record. The scenery was entirely new and was extremely beautiful; the *ensemble*, as has been said, was excellent, and the

principal parts were interpreted most successfully and most intelligently. Why, then, was this, the greatest of all operas—to quote Wagner—postponed till so late a date in the season that it seemed to be a mere stop-gap where more important works could not be performed? To quote Wagner in calling "Don Giovanni" the greatest of all operas is in these days, perhaps, to say an audacious thing; yet the Syndicate evidently recognised its obligations in the matter by providing, as has been said, an entirely new set of scenery, specially painted for the opera; and here, indeed, it would be difficult to praise too highly the artistic results. There were no less than nine scenes (all painted by Mr. Harry Brook), which, handled with extraordinary quickness and effectiveness, sent the opera through on the smoothest possible lines, and with a quickness of change that clearly was part of the ideal of Mozart himself. The colouring of some of the evening scenes produced, with the lighting, an effect of sheer beauty which we have rarely seen equalled on any stage.

Miss Mary Garden's appearance, a night or two ago, at Covent Garden as Marguerite to the Faust of M. Alvarez was extremely interesting, if only for the fact that she made the part perfectly natural by emphasising not merely the ordinary innocence which is supposed to go hand-in-hand with the early Marguerite of the opera, but also by realising an enchanting sort of girlishness, which, by its ingenuousness and frank admiration of the objective things of this world, made the subsequent tragedy altogether plausible and significant. She sang delightfully, and was assisted by the greatest Faust of the modern stage, M. Alvarez; his magnificent impersonation of the part lies beyond all words of praise. M. Plançon was, of course, a noble Mephistopheles, and the opera generally was presented with dignity and with detailed excellence.

COMMON CHORD.

Fräulein Fremstad, the charming and gifted young German singer who has made such a "hit" in Wagnerian opera this season, is particularly happy when playing such a part as Fricka in the "Ring." Before she made her appearance in London she had thoroughly established her position in her native country, and certainly, among those things "Made in Germany," a successful singer is entitled to respectful admiration, for the Teuton is the most musical of human beings, and, in the matter of Grand Opera, will "stand no nonsense," however charming and agreeable to the sight a vocalist may be.



FRAÛLEIN OLIVE FREMSTAD, THE CHARMING YOUNG GERMAN SINGER WHO HAS BEEN APPEARING WITH GREAT SUCCESS AT COVENT GARDEN.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



*To Prevent Dust—Ladies who Drive—Reliable Cars.*

THE dust question is more with us to-day than ever before, and those that have the best interests of automobilism at heart and boast ideas upon the subject should give it the closest possible study. It is the dust raised by fast, heavy-tired automobiles in their passage along ill-made country-roads that is at the root of the autophobist feeling which has given birth to the tyrannically repressive measure lately launched in the House of Lords by Lord Balfour of Burleigh. It yet remains to be seen whether the common-sense of the Commons will permit the passage of a measure which practically lays an axe at the root of the automobile trade and industry in this country and promises to give France and Germany yet greater advantages and attractions than they have hitherto enjoyed. But to return for the moment to our dust. It may be that even now some inspired inventor is evolving the details of a simple and efficient dust-preventer or destroyer which can be fitted easily and inexpensively to the car, but up to the present moment he has made no sign.

Lacking the dust-preventing device above foreshadowed, the uprising of the hated cloud may be prevented, at least in villages, by oiling the road, as was done over certain stretches of the Gordon Bennett course, or, if this treatment of the road-surface is considered too odorous, as, indeed, I think it would be, recourse may be had to the recipe put forward lately by Sir Hiram Maxim, and found by him to be most efficacious in relation to the floors of the works at Barrow-in-Furness. Sir Hiram tell us it is well known that the cheap grades of treacle are hygroscopic, and that a mixture of this article and cheap glue with water has been found a perfect preventative of flying dust. It is proposed by the great scientist that our roads should be sprinkled at night with a solution of this cheap treacle and glue, to which has been added a solution of bichromate of potash, and he says that the sunlight would subsequently render the mixture difficult to dissolve. After sundry sprinklings with this preparation, the surface of the road would be rendered firm and hard.

The ranks of lady automobilists, by which I would be understood to mean ladies who drive their own cars, are slowly but surely increasing. The example so long afforded by Miss Vera Butler, whose expert conduct of her Renault car has long been the admiration of sterner drivers, has been followed by the Countess De La Warr, who thinks nothing of driving from her place, New Lodge, at Colemanshatch, in Sussex, up to her father's house in Park Lane and back in the day; Mrs. Neville Copland, who handles a 12 horse-power Clement with all the adroitness of a skilled driver; Mrs. Weguelin, who affects a 6 horse-power De Dion; Mrs. S. F. Edge, who astonished the good people of Dublin by the way she worked a 16 horse-power Napier through the traffic of Sackville Street, and many others whose skill in this regard is quite equal to that of their husbands or brothers. There seems to me no reason why the at present little army of lady automobilists should not receive a large number of recruits during the present season. The conduct of an automobile is more easily acquired than the handling of that occasionally erratic quadruped the horse, and motors so seldom go wrong nowadays that ladies should have no fear of venturing out upon them minus a mechanic.

If anything was required to assure the British public that in the De Dietrich cars they have a superbly made and thoroughly reliable automobile, the fact that so keen a critic as Mr. Charles Jarrott is the sole English concessionaire for this carriage would be assurance enough. But further evidence is not lacking as to their reliability. In the Touring Car Competition of the Aix-les-Bains week, M. Paul Meyan, the Editor of *La France Automobile*, driving a De Dietrich car, was classed first with the highest possible number of marks. Another foreign-built car which is winning favour here is the carriage turned out by Messrs. Charron, Girardot, and Voigt, and I am not surprised to learn that Lord Onslow has ordered a 15 horse-power C. G. V. Chassis through Messrs. Charron and Co.'s London representatives, Ewart-Hall, Limited, of 38, Long Acre, W.C.



MR. J. W. STOCKS ON A TEN HORSE-POWER RACING DE DION.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Goodwood—The Stewards' Cup—Liverpool—Starting.*

NEXT week will see the last of the old stands at Goodwood, as the Earl of March has very properly decided to build new stands and to reconstruct the rings and enclosures. I hope nothing will be done to destroy the picnicky features of the meeting, for it is, as



RANELAGH: A PRETTY CORNER.

run at present, one of the nicest of our race-gatherings. At the same time, there are one or two features that call for alteration. It is annoying, for instance, for ordinary racegoers to find all the garden-seats at the lower end of the Lawn labelled "For the use of the Goodwood House-party only." Further, I do think, in the absence of a proper Club Enclosure, that ladies should be admitted to the enclosure by the winning-post, now available only to gentlemen. Many old racegoers will remember how the late Duchess of Montrose used to watch the finish of races at Goodwood from the Number-board enclosure.

I shall have another opportunity of dealing with the Goodwood programme other than the Stewards' Cup, which is fixed for next Tuesday. Tips for the Stewards' have been very cheap and very plentiful of late. The general impression at Newmarket is that Sir Blundell Maple will win it, but if the race goes to Headquarters it will, I think, be by the aid of Beatty's best, which may be Chiffon. As I have before stated, the dwellers on the South Coast are very sweet on the chance of O'Donovan Rossa, a consistent performer over the course. The same can be said of Master Willie, who is trained hard by at Arundel. From latest information to hand, I am induced to think that Hackler's Pride will win. I am told she was well tried some time back at the distance of the race. She is very fast and is smart out of the slips. Danger may spring from Earl's Seat, who is trained by J. Powney at Grately. Earl's Seat ran second to Bass Rock at Ascot, and I certainly think he ought to get a place at Goodwood.

It is difficult work to deal successfully with any big handicap to be run in the North of England, as it is well-nigh impossible to guess a day or two beforehand whether the affair will freeze right up or will be a big draw. The Liverpool Cup comes in this category, and I am afraid it will be very small potatoes indeed. Glass Jug on her Ascot running has a big chance, but for this particular race she should be judged on her second to Sceptre for the Oaks of 1902, a very creditable performance. Captain Kettle is a great sharps' tip, but he could not be backed on his Hurst Park running. Bushey Belle was the smartest two-year-old filly in Ireland last year, and if fit and well next Friday she should at least get a place. The Epsom division fancy Noblesse, who belongs to that very popular local patron of the Sport of Kings, Mr. Willie Langlands. The mare has shown both good and bad form. Bistonian seemingly is off-colour, while Handicapper could an he would. I think Glass Jug will win. The Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes looks to be a good thing for St. Arnaut.

It is one's duty to keep on agitating for better starting in the interests of sport. At present the starts are sometimes good, often indifferent, and oftener still execrable. The consequence of all this is that the bookmakers wax fat, while plunging is as dead as the dodo. A correspondent suggests that the Jockey Club should appoint as starter a man like Mr. Richard Figes, the official starter to the French Jockey Club, but it may be that the genial Dick would not care for a change. I think, and have thought for a long time, that the present system of starting could be made to work smoothly if one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club would only consent to be present at all the starts for, say, a month, and after that the starting should be watched by an ordinary Steward told off for the purpose at each meeting.

CAPTAIN COE.

The terrible accident to Dan Maher, the plucky little jockey who has won a really unique position among his brethren of the Turf, cast quite a gloom over the Lingfield Park Meeting, the more so that, by a strange accident of fate, the jockey was injured not, as it were, in the ordinary course of business, but in a motor-car. The King, shortly after the accident, sent to inquire how he was, and this act of Royal kindness and consideration has been much appreciated in American sporting circles, where it is sometimes felt that American jockeys have not been greeted in this country with such cordiality as they might have been. Dan Maher, it may be added, is an exception to the rule, for even the most conservative of British owners recognise his many excellent qualities both as man and as rider.



D. MAHER, THE AMERICAN JOCKEY, WHO RECENTLY MET WITH A SERIOUS MOTOR ACCIDENT.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE Transatlantic journalist, who is nothing if not practical, collated certain interesting statistics at the beginning of the last London Season which must have been of thrilling moment to anxious mothers on both sides of the "herring-pond." A list of eligible, well-born Englishmen was duly made out and published in a prominent American journal, with incomes, pedigrees, and other

consummate art and undoubted becomingness. Fisher's autumn tweed frocks have quite a reputation, too, for smartness.

Lady Castlereagh's attack of "double pneumonia" was the result of a chill caught motoring in the two cold days last week provided us with. She had been at the Duchess of Hamilton's dinner and the Charing Cross Ball on the same night, looking wonderfully well, so her illness seems to have been very suddenly brought on. The consequences of motoring seem, indeed, as many as its compensations, which are indisputably varied and delightful.

By the way, motor jewellery has followed the craze for the larger article, and women are wearing motor-coats now with buttons of silver or gold on which are raised models of the car, while sleeve-links and brooches done in diamonds are perfect little miniatures of one's favourite Panhard or Darracq. No doubt, we shall soon be able to procure reproductions of this latest departure from the Parisian Diamond Company, which is always so very much on the spot in the matter of novelties and artistic inventions generally.

In these days of many notes and little-letter writing, one is always on the *qui-vive* for the most freely flowing pen and agreeable paper to write upon. So much does the hurry and rush of modern living enter into the smallest details of existence. After many trials and excursions amongst new developments in "stationery," I find myself returning to ancient beliefs, and agreeing with Owen Meredith that "old things are best." Hieratica, which was the writing-paper of old Egypt, is actually reproduced at the present day, and is in all respects now what it was then, a vegetable parchment, on which were inscribed the writings of what Shakspeare calls "the Antique World." Hieratica is absolutely prepared from the papyrus, as of old, and is now sold at a price which makes it possible to the most shy and modest income. It can be had in all sorts of sizes—Albert, Boudoir, Octavo, and what not—while for thoroughly satisfactory results it stands now, as in days when the world was young, quite alone. Those who have travelled in Sicily and Crete, where the papyrus grows in swampy back-waters, will appreciate



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING SUMMER FROCK.

complete particulars. The partial decimation and disappearance of that happy host of bachelors—shall I say, naturally?—followed. Indeed, it was wickedly rumoured at the time that the sheet was framed and hung up for reference by divers determined dames of the New World whose "buds" (American for "débutantes") still hung on the school-room bough. Be that base insinuation as it may, the roll-call has visibly thinned out, and Lord Dalhousie, who married Lady Ancaster's pretty daughter on Tuesday, is the last deserter.

St. Michael's, Chester Square, never held a lovelier group of women than that assembled for the wedding. One of six notably pretty sisters, the bride made a cheering picture with her six "baby bridesmaids" and two small train-bearers. Pink seemed a favourite colour with the younger women—Lady Tankerville, Lady Cecilie Goff, and Lady Florence Astley all wore it most becomingly. Few colours show up better, and white has been so worn this Season as to have become really monotonous. The four diamond pansies given by the bridegroom to the bride were magnificent jewels.

Apropos of clothes, amongst the numberless attractions of Regent Street at the moment I find that Fisher's shop-windows, at 215 and 217, are a most beguiling form of sight-seeing to the country-cousin and *citoyenne* alike: their styles are so good and ideas so original. A sun-ray pleated grey voile built by them was, for instance, so particularly attractive that descriptive details are incumbent. The berthe and hip-yoke were of grey silk, with incrustations of fine *écru* guipure. This also showed on the neck, partially concealing a wavy line of mandarin-coloured velvet. One of the new chenille fringes, also grey, decorated both sleeves and bodice, and was arranged with



[Copyright.]

A HANDSOME GREY VOILE GOWN AT MESSRS. FISHER AND SONS'



the enterprise which procures this material from far-away places and brings it to the daily uses of the busy Anglo-Saxon of to-day.

With the Season dying down and jaded merry-makers dispersing literally to fresh fields, the introduction of an indispensable travelling

you can obtain it in Calcutta, however, as Wright's Coal-tar Soap is a standard article of commerce. Their shaving-soap is looked upon by men who use it as the one and only possible accompaniment to that ceremony, so you might also with advantage lay in a stock of it.

SYBIL.

#### "WHAT TO DO WITH OUR BOYS."

What to do with our boys has long been an anxious problem to many British fathers. Messrs. Scrubb, of "Cloudy Fluid Ammonia" fame, have solved the difficulty in a very practical manner. They employ a large number of lads in occupations requiring little skill, and these are given opportunities for learning various trades, so that on leaving they may not drift into the overflowing ranks of the unskilled labourer. Certificates, medals, and bonuses are awarded for diligence and punctuality, and it is not an uncommon thing for the recipients to leave their money awards with the firm to accumulate at five per cent. Many of the boys, after thoroughly acquiring the trade into which they have been initiated, return to the firm to work as "men." The Mayor of Lambeth (Captain Andrew) recently presented the awards to the lads, in the presence of a number of guests, at All Saints' Hall, and said that he had never performed a public ceremony that had given him more pleasure.

The London and North-Western Railway Company announce a series of cheap excursions from Euston and other London stations for various periods to the numerous places on their system. You may travel to Wales, the Isle of Man, Ireland, Scotland, and the Lake District for a few days, a week, or a fortnight, or spend a day or week-end at certain favourite resorts reached by the Company's trains. Full particulars may be obtained at the Company's stations and town offices.

The arrangements of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company for the Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes Races, including the running of special trains during the Sussex fortnight, are now completed; and for the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been made by the Company, assisted by the Duke of Richmond, and also by the Brighton and Worthing Corporations, for the watering of the roads between the stations and Goodwood Park.



PRESENTATION OF AWARDS TO LADS IN THE EMPLOY OF MESSRS. SCRUBB.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.

adjunct is most opportune. That "Essence de Ricqlès," which has long been a household word abroad, should until now remain comparatively unknown in England is in itself a surprising fact, for its virtues are many and its convenience beyond words. Still, the fact remains, and it is but recently that "Essence de Ricqlès" has become domesticated over here. Now, however, its fame has gone forth, and few dressing-bags will be considered completely equipped for travelling this autumn without a little bottle of that colourless but most potent fluid. To begin with, it absolutely destroys all germs in drinking-water; to go on with, it is fragrant, palatable, and a certain cure for headache, indigestion, toothache, sleeplessness, and minor maladies of most kinds. It is antiseptic and can be used as a dressing in case of accidents, and is, in fact, a portable medicine-chest in a single bottle, therefore invaluable to all going far afield. Discovered in 1838, this preparation of "Alcool de Menthe de Ricqlès" has been famous ever since abroad, and it is now quite time that its introduction to English society should be effected. Fornaro and Co., of 59, Mark Lane, are the sole London agents, but all good chemists keep it.

Of the hundred, or rather, thousand-and-one smart gowns at the Eclipse Meeting last week, there was one which arrived at the very apex of excellence, and, furthermore, its owner was pretty enough to institute none of the ordinary comparisons between a masterpiece and its mistress. The frock in question was a pale-blue chiffon sprinkled over with most realistic violets, also done in chiffon. Thrown down in well-simulated carelessness, these flowers looked as if they had fallen from a bouquet over the dress. Nothing could have been more perfect. To carry out the scheme, dainty diamond brooches set as violets held in the fair lady's laces at neck and waist.

Apropos, flowers wrought in diamonds are the latest device of fashion, and a very graceful one to boot. The Parisian Diamond Company have a perfect gallery of exotics done in diamonds and pearls—orchids, daffodils, lilies, and other exquisite blooms exquisitely reproduced. Diamond slides, their Season's *spécialité*, make an admirable addition to one's frivolities of neck-gear. But the pearl collar, with its delicately set diamond slides, as reproduced herewith must ever remain the Parisian Diamond Company's *chef d'œuvre*.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

JACK'S WIFE.—(1) Nothing could be better; it will answer both purposes. (2) Have you tried Wright's Coal-tar Soap? It is one of the best antiseptic soaps known, and, therefore, invaluable in hot climates. On blotches and other malaises of the skin and complexion it acts very beneficially; therefore, you should carefully include it in your list of Indian indispensables. I have little doubt



NEW JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins in July 27.*

## MONEY AND THE MARKETS.

THE Bank Return showed an increase in the reserve of a quarter of a million, and, as there appears to be a fair supply of loanable capital in the market, there has been no necessity to apply to the Bank for loans.

The position in Wall Street dominates the situation here, and, as spasm after spasm passes over the New York Market, people on this side feel inclined to wait and see what it all means. For months we have been repeating that there was trouble brewing on the other side, and, while this is now self-evident to the most superficial observer, the exact nature of the evil is almost as much a mystery as it was many weeks ago, the only difference being that now no one is too big to be talked about, and the chances of whether they can "get through" and whether it is to be a case of Baring Brothers over again, are freely discussed. The amount of the highest-class Yankee stock that has been thrown to the wolves within the last few days is undoubtedly very large, and there can be no doubt that many of the largest, and reputedly most substantial, of the American financial houses have been obliged to realise their nest-eggs to carry the huge blocks of industrial paper with which they are loaded up. The worst of it is that most of the "undigested securities" (to use Mr. Morgan's own expression) are mere water, and that we do not know how big the nest-eggs are.

## THE LINOTYPE DEAL.

Over and over again we have advised Preference shareholders to be reasonable in their demands, and not to insist on the letter of their bond when it comes to reconstruction, as witness the Salt Union and Welsbach schemes, which received our hearty support; but this Linotype arrangement is the worst and most scandalous attack upon the rights, not of Preference shareholders—who, after all, are partners—but of Debenture-holders, that we have ever had the misfortune to come across. The unfortunate Linotype Debenture-holders, who have a first charge on the assets, are to be forced into accepting the position of second mortgagees with £750,000 in front of them. If Mr. Alderman J. Lawrence can impose such terms upon the Debenture-holders of his unfortunate Company, whether they like it or not, the terms of the trust-deed must be a perfect scandal, and no prudent man will ever again hold Industrial Debentures without a most careful scrutiny of the deed under which they are issued. If the rights of creditors who have lent their money to a Company at 4 per cent. interest can be simply ignored in this way, even the most outrageous attack on the rights of Preference shareholders may be considered, in comparison, a meritorious performance. We sincerely trust that the Linotype Debenture-holders will not submit to this outrage without testing the matter in a Court of Law.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

The Jobber mopped his heated brow, making himself all the hotter the while.

"Leave off, can't you!" cried The Broker, irritably; "you only make us feel warm, and that performance is quite unnecessary."

"How do *you* know?" demanded The Jobber. "This melting weather—"

"This Smelting weather, you ought to say," The Engineer chimed in. "Are you in that gamble?"

"Wish I were. I had the tip at something under 1½, and I didn't buy them. Oh, what a—a—"; and he looked across at The Banker, who was regarding him with a fixed stare, and the sentence tailed off.

"Everyone says the shares are right to have even now," The Broker contended. "But I should be sorry to advise a purchase unless a man were willing to see half his money go at one fell swoop."

"I don't think that would happen," remarked The City Editor. "The Yankees are hardly likely to drop them so quickly as all that."

"That's the rub. They are pretty sure to sell a few thousands every now and then, if it's only to keep the market on the move, and you stand to get in at the top."

"They will sell in order to purchase again"—The City Editor was unusually discursive this morning—"and then you will see the price go to fifty shillings."

"Got a few?" asked The Jobber, inquisitively.

"Don't take any notice of him," interrupted The Broker, but

The City Editor candidly confessed that he had bought a hundred fairly cheaply, and did not mind who knew it.

"Financial writers shouldn't gamble." The Jobber always spoke his mind. "Don't you agree with me, sir?" and he appealed to The Banker.

The old gentleman, for whose reply The Carriage was listening, looked a trifle uncomfortable.

"Considering that our friend has just informed us that he purchased Smelting shares," he said, "it is a delicate matter for me to—"

"Thank you, sir. There you are!" And The Jobber turned triumphantly to The City Editor, who declined to look abashed.

"Haven't we had this argument over once before?" interposed The Engineer, peaceably. "I think we came to the conclusion that, as a general rule, it was in the interests of financial ethics that speculation should be avoided by our trusted guides. But, of course, every rule is susceptible of at least one exception."

"Well, I believe they're going higher," replied The One Exception, a trifle irrelevantly; "and, as I've paid for mine, I certainly shall not sell yet."

"Take your profit, and buy Home Rails," counselled him The Engineer.

"Might as well buy door-nails, so far as animation goes"; and The Broker looked as contemptuously as he spoke.

"I can't help thinking we shall see the Scotch stocks higher," put in The Merchant, who had been silent so far. "British and Cura both look healthy speculations to me. Anyway, I have got a small Scotch interest."

"Me, too," observed The Jobber, abstractedly. "I take mine with soda-water."

"Talk about Trunks; they are just as appropriate this weather, and the market is quite as liquid."

"Don't! You make me feel thirsty," The Jobber complained.

"Oh, for a lump of ice and a brace of straws in a long glass full of—!"

Again The Banker caught his eye, but this time there seemed to be a sympathetic twinkle behind the gold-rimmed glasses.

"Can you suggest a good high-class investment to pay between three and four per cent.?" queried he of Lombard Street.

"Certainly," was The Broker's prompt reply. "Speaking of Trunks reminds me of the Canadian Pacific 4 per cent. Perpetual Debenture stock. The price is 112, and the yield a shilling or so over 3½ per cent."

"A good enough security," commented The Engineer, approvingly.

"As good as anybody can want," continued its recommender.

"You might put a couple of thousand pounds into it for my wife's sister," said The Banker, after a few moments' thought. "I had several stocks in my mind's eye, but I missed Canadian Pacific Debenture, and none of the others seem as suitable."

The Merchant and The Engineer were discussing Trunk Thirds.

"You wait until October, when things in the Stock Exchange will begin to wake up"—The Broker and The Jobber exchanged delighted glances—"and, mark my words, we shall see Thirds at 55 as sure as you're a sinner," declared The Merchant.

"The final assumption weakens the force of the former," retorted The Engineer. "I can't say I'm so keen about Trunks myself."

"Nevertheless, Trunk Thirds can be bought for 55, as our friend says," The Broker maintained. "Don't you think so?" and he turned to The City Editor for corroboration.

"Trunk Stocks are very much bound up with the fortunes of the Yankee Market," said the journalist, doubtfully.

"And Yankees are cheap enough to buy," was The Broker's decision. "I say that a man can buy Trunk Thirds and Atchison Common with comparative safety—as gambles, of course."

The Banker smiled, and said he hadn't heard comparative safety linked to gambles before.

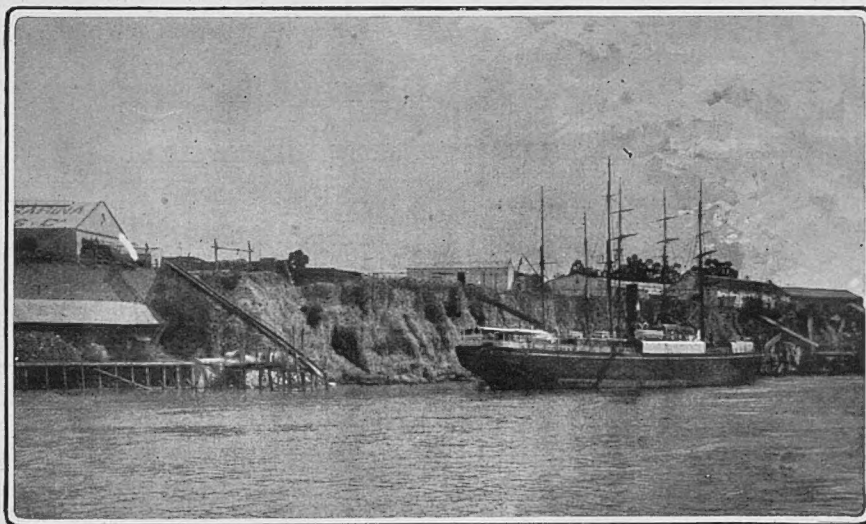
"Although I dare say you are correct," he hastened to add. "The American Railroad list has experienced such a severe decline as to make reaction possible if the financial situation should clear a little."

"It all depends upon the Wall Street Money Market," The City Editor laid down; "and money is plentiful enough over here."

The Jobber, who was just about to alight, looked round with deep reproach. "Money plentiful over here?" he repeated, in a sepulchral tone, and his final look plunged The Carriage into Cimmerian gloom as the train proceeded without him.

## INDUSTRIAL ANOMALIES.

One of the standing causes for astonishment amongst the investing classes is that well-secured and good dividend-paying Industrial shares



CENTRAL ARGENTINE RAILWAY: NATIONAL WHARF AND ROSARIO STATION.



should stand at what must be regarded as low prices. Plenty of Preference shares yielding between  $4\frac{1}{2}$  and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the nominal value are quoted in the Official List at a small discount, and even Debenture stocks of such Companies as well-known breweries appear to stand at perplexingly low prices. By way of illustration and as a good case in point, we may instance the  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, which stand at about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  for the £5 fully paid shares. There are many others of similar type, but we mention Pearsons because in our last issue we gave some advance figures showing the prosperity of the Company, and the daily papers have now published the same tale. Proprietors in these Industrial undertakings who have subscribed for their shares at par are continually asking the reason of their being quoted at a discount. Herein may be seen as good an example as can be cited of the effects of slack business in the Stock Exchange; there is no demand for investments of the general type. The public, for one thing, has not the money to invest which it had prior to the outbreak of the War. The decline in gilt-edge stocks, from Consols downwards, has given rise to a feeling of uneasiness with regard to all Stock Exchange investments, and until this sentiment becomes eliminated by the return of business, quotations for Industrial shares, which as a rule depend upon a narrow market, will not respond to the undoubted fact of their cheapness. Lack of demand is the reason for the depression in this department, a depression which will assuredly give way to a very different state of affairs when the country's business is allowed to settle down into more normal channels.

#### HOME RAILS ON THE DIVIDENDS.

Up to the present the dividend declarations of the Home Railway Companies have not sparkled on the side of brilliancy. First of all came the City and South London, with its disappointing reduction of  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., thanks to which the price of the stock has been declining by slow degrees. To believers in the Company the recent course of events has proved peculiarly disappointing, although, of course, they have had the competition of the South London Electric Trams in front of them for some time. It does not seem to have been expected, however, that the new method of traction would interfere as seriously with the City and South London as it has done, but stockholders in the latter may find comfort in the suggestion that the new trams are something like a new toy, which will probably pall after a time, particularly when the bad weather comes along. It must be remembered that the two chief Omnibus Companies were keen sufferers by the Central London competition for some time, but that, when they adapted themselves to the situation, both undertakings began to show a return to prosperity. We should not care to recommend City and South London stock as an investment, but, on the other hand, it would seem a pity to sell it unless the holder is able to realise a profit by the sale, in which case we think he might find better channels for his money.

The Tilbury dividend of 4 per cent., with a slightly reduced carry-forward, testifies to the able management of the line, and as a steady-going investment the stock is well worth holding. The Great Eastern announcement came pretty near expectation, and, if we only have a continuance of the fine weather, the line should be able to surpass all its previous records of holiday traffic, thanks to increased facilities for handling its business. The Heavy lines ought to show up well, and any revival in this market would no doubt make its influence felt upon the speculative stocks. Although the more cheerful feeling is very hesitant at the moment, it may rapidly develop into pronounced bullishness upon any encouragement given by buying orders from the public.

#### THE MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

The long-expected Mono-rail Prospectus is at length made public. The Board of Directors, though not containing any well-known railway men, is an eminently business body, and the concern starts under good auspices. The line is to be thirty-four miles long, and the working expenses are estimated at sevenpence-halfpenny per train-mile. The journey, it is expected, can be done in twenty minutes and without any stop. The estimated cost of the line, stations, and other equipment is put at £2,298,515, and the Company, with the authorised Debenture issue, expects to have a surplus of £500,000 for contingencies. We wish the enterprise every success, for it may effect a revolution in locomotion almost as great as that caused by the introduction of steam in the early days of the last century.

Saturday, July 18, 1903.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

KYLE.—Your list is not up to much. (a) This Company is doing nothing. Reconstruction probable. (b) Utter rubbish. (c) This is as good as dead. (d) Speculative but supposed to have a chance. (e) Speculative but hopeful. (f) A very off-chance. The price is 1s., which speaks for itself. As to Coromandel, we should say it had an off-chance of success.

SKYLARK.—(1) The Bank shares are first-rate, and there is no reason to sell. (2) We do not see the prospect of the rise you ask for in Queensland Bonds within the next three months, but they may improve slowly. (3) The position in the New York Market is so unsatisfactory that you must be prepared to hold on to any purchase, even if there is a big smash. Subject to your capacity and willingness to see it out, the shares appear cheap.

R. W.—The Debentures are as safe as anything of the kind can be. We think the investment a good one.

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July 22, 1903.

Signature.....